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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN Vol. 21 No. 6

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Fantastic Felicity, page 51

Macho Marcos, page 62

CONTENTS

			page
SPECIAL FEATURES			
Kamikaze!	Japan's warriors of the Divine Wind	*Edwyn Gray*	44
Carrie:	Cleaning windows is a pane for our stripgirl	*Steve Kingston*	112
GIRLS			
Catherine:	Obsessions of a *Belle Epoque*	*Cayrol Stevens*	13
Isabelle:	The pictures that got Miss France banned	*Michael Moore*	36
Felicity:	Meet our Kim Novak doppelganger	*Ed Alexander*	51
Lisa:	Belle from Bournemouth	*John Allum*	76
Becky:	A lady printer makes an impression	*Michael Ancher*	92
Ann Marie:	Harrods hairdresser, and a cut above the rest	*Brian Carrington*	107
HUMOUR			
Rude Health:	A cartoonist's view of health farms	*Anthony*	27
Hilarious Hoaxes:	The world's greatest practical jokes	*F T Newman*	98
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Our round-up of your choice jokes		105
INFORMERS			
Motoring:	Macho Marcos	*William Boddy*	62
Quest:	Sexual tasks		83
FICTION			
The Lovelock Syndrome:	A case of future shock	*James Hill*	20
SPECIAL OFFERS	**Mayfair Diver's Watch** page 22/ **Best of Mayfair** page 68/ **Satin Lingerie** page 82/ **Mayfair Maids on Video** page 101/ **Mayfair's Night and Day Playwear** page 103/		
READER SERVICES	**Letters** page 11/ **Book Society** page 30/ **Back Numbers** page 33/ **Binders** page 90/ **Subscription Details** page 104/		
CRITICS	**Films, Travel**		31

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Cover model: Nikki Downey as Felicity Stewart | thread
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Model(s):

- Becky Rogers
    1. post
- Catherine Gregson
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- Isabelle Chaudieu
- Lisa Collins
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- Nikki Downey as Felicity Stewart, GotM | thread
- Penny as Ann Marie Eggleston
    1. post [partial]
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Catherine

La Belle Epoque, the final decade of the 19th century, was one of the most romantic eras of dress and design. And nobody loves it more than 21-year-old Catherine Gregson. So much so that she has devoted the top rooms of her house near Sutton, Surrey to reflect the decor of the period, and delights in dressing up in costumes from the same era.

'Many of the outfits are genuine,' claimed Catherine. 'Some have been handed down to me from my great great grandmother.' Clothes of that age take a good deal of care, and watching her handle them, you can see just how much Catherine looks after them. 'I suppose some people might think it's a bit childish dressing up at my age, but I don't see it like that. It's a fantasy, these rooms are a different world that I can lock myself away in.'

Until now, very few men have been allowed to share Catherine's fantasy, and even now, fear of burglary prevents her from saying exactly where her house is situated. So why has she decided to let *Mayfair* readers into her secret? 'I think I've always wanted to be photographed up here, but until now I didn't have the nerve.' And what about her decision to bare her 35-24-34 figure? 'Somehow it seemed a very natural thing to do,' said Catherine. 'That era was renowed for its erotica, and I wanted to re-create it — only through a modern camera lens. I saw the pictures as soon as they were developed. I think they're marvellous.'

Most of the time, however, Catherine abandons her tight-laced corsetry and Victoriana to work in a more modern clothes shop in Croydon. 'It's not exactly a boutique but it's still light years ahead of my collection. However, it has taught me how much better made clothes were in the 19th century, even if they were more cumbersome. I think they look better too — much sexier than some baggy sweatshirt.' Do the men in her life agree? 'I think they quite like the long dresses I wear, especially the low necklines and tight waists.' In fact, Catherine's taste for Victorian values extends to her men. 'I wish more of them were as gallant as in "my day". I do like a little old fashioned courtesy. Emancipation is all very well, but I like to be treated like someone special.' At the moment though, Catherine still acts out her fantasy alone. 'It might be nice to have a man join in,' she said. 'A butler to attend to me, perhaps?'

The pictures that stripped her of her title

MISS FRANCE

Could this lady have won the 1985 Miss World contest? Sadly we shall never know, because although 18-year-old Isabelle Chaudieu was the winner of the Miss France title, and eligible for the prestigious Miss World pageant, she was stripped of her title and prevented from entering. The reason is right before your eyes. It was this set of pictures by Michael Moore that upset the competition's organisers.

The photographs were taken shortly after Isabelle had won the 1984 Miss Cote d'Azur contest. Some months later they appeared in a French magazine, by which time her beautiful face and 35-24-35 figure had won her the title of Miss France, but not for long. When the photographs appeared, Isabelle had her title taken from her along with the opportunity to enter Miss World. Our readers think she'd have won.

Mayfair reader, BJ of Ashton-under-Lyme happened to be on holiday in the Bordeaux region when all the fuss about Isabelle started. Immediately he wrote to us, demanding that we buy the pictures so that all his friends in Britain could share her beauty. And the French themselves were keen to export her stunning looks as well. One reader, who signed himself simply Claude, wrote, 'She is fabulous, I think she should appear in *Mayfair* as a magazine like yours could really do her justice.' In short, we received over 50 requests from Britain and the Continent to show the pictures that caused the row, and only we can do exactly that.

But this is far from being the first time that the Miss World contest has been rocked by a storm of controversy. Two years ago, Bernarda Marovt, Miss Yugoslavia, caused a sensation when she appeared semi-nude in *Start*, a Yugoslavian magazine. The pictures, which also appeared in our Vol 19 No 2, were claimed to have hampered her chances in the Miss World competition, and she was very nearly excluded from entering the contest at all when Julia Morley, the boss of the Miss World organisation, voted against her as their country's representative. When we spoke to her at that time, she summed up her attitude to nude and semi-nude appearances thus: 'I have an international contest to run. Moral standards vary throughout the world, and some countries find nudity shocking . . . I must protect my competition.'

Felicity

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

If you're a fan of fifties and sixties films then 22-year-old Felicity Stewart might look familiar. Hardly a day goes by without some cinema buff stopping her in the street and asking, 'Aren't you . . .?' Her reply is immediate. 'Kim Novak? No, sorry.' At first Felicity was slightly insulted since she wasn't even born when Kim Novak was making it big on the big screen, but then her attitude changed. 'So many people said it that I made sure I saw *Vertigo* next time it was on television — and Kim was beautiful. Now I feel it's quite a compliment, even if she is at least twenty years older than I am.' In fact it was that sudden confidence in her appearance that launched 34-23-34 Felicity into a modelling career.

'Up here in Durham, the girls don't think of modelling for a living,' Felicity remarked. 'That's for the slick Londoners, they say, but they're wrong.' Not that she spends all her time in front of the camera, through choice she also works as an interviewer for an employment agency. 'I'd miss meeting the people, if I gave it up completely. I keep a very firm grip of my roots. I'd hate to come home one day, and find everyone thinking, ''What a pretentious cow!'' ' Down-to-earth she may be, but Felicity does like the finer things of life. 'Just occasionally I treat myself to champagne and seafood, my favourite way of pampering myself,' she said. 'Then it's back to fish and chips before I'm hooked on the flavour.'

If Felicity's lifestyle seems almost schizophrenic, then her taste in men is equally diverse. 'I like any man who can make me laugh. All that talk about men having to have small bums is ridiculous. So long as they have a sense of humour, they can be built like the proverbial brick — oh sorry, I'm sure that's not the sort of language a *Mayfair* centregirl would use.' Felicity is just as frank about what she likes her men to do. 'I think foreplay is much more enjoyable than the act itself,' she claimed. 'Even the biggest, butchest guy can have sensitive lips, and it's lovely to feel them roaming all over you. Oooh, I'd better stop. My imagination's running wild.'

MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
FELICITY STEWART

MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
FELICITY STEWART

Lisa

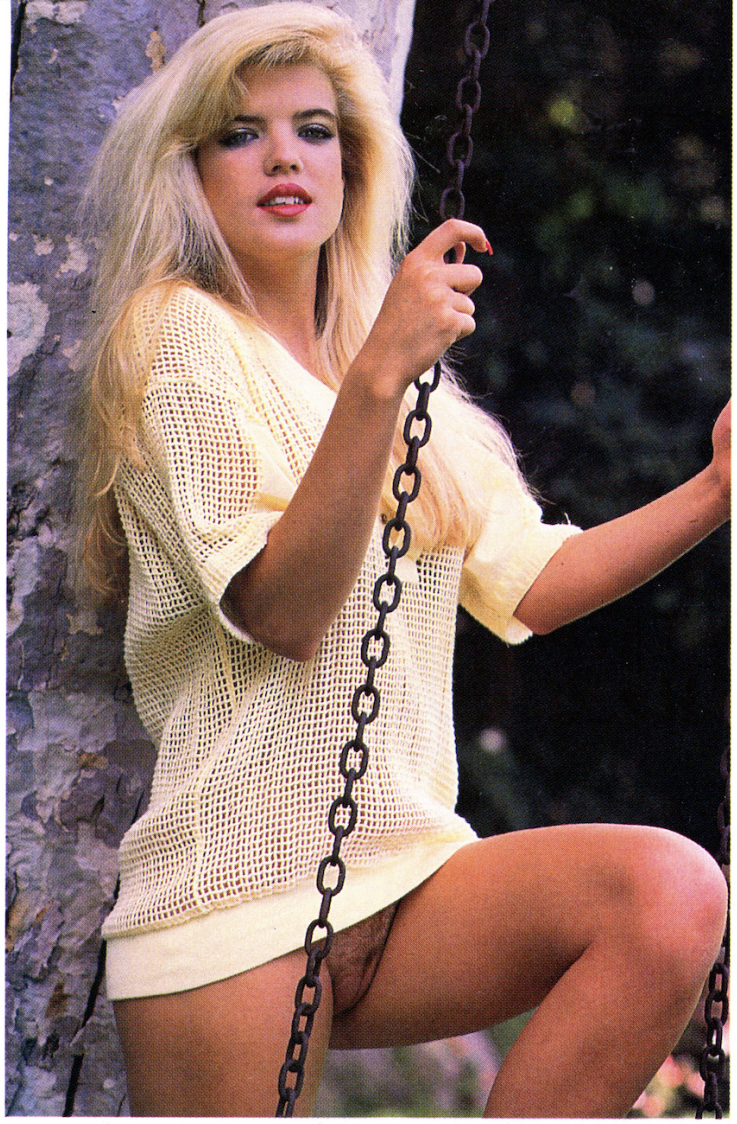
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Twenty-year-old Lisa Collins has such an energetic lifestyle that it can be exhausting just listening to her talking about it. For not only does the Bournemouth beauty hold down a full-time job, she teaches aerobics classes three nights a week, usually two classes in a row, and still finds time to attend jazz and body conditioning sessions. And if that weren't enough, she keeps her sexy 36-25-35 figure in tiptop shape by playing squash, running and swimming regularly. 'I have always had lots of energy and been very fit,' she told us modestly.

Lisa was born and bred in Bournemouth, and in fact is now living in the house next door to the one where she was brought into the world. Even while a pupil at the Glenmore Girls School she was a keen sportswoman, and when she left at 15 one of her

'O' Levels was in physical education. Lisa's first job was at Peter Richards boutique, but she now works at the Solo fashion shop. 'I love clothes, and I like working with people. One day I would like to be a professional dancer. And I want to start my own aerobics class.'

Lisa has about forty people in her aerobics sessions, and after a strenuous workout with her pupils she thinks nothing of going off to her conditioning classes where she stretches and tones up her body. 'I'm always on the move, and can't stay still for long.' Needless to say, she likes her men to be fit and strong, preferably tall, dark and handsome. Her sports and classes don't leave her much spare time, but when she does get chance to relax, Lisa would rather drive out to a quiet country pub like the *White Horse* at Ringwood than hit the trendy nightspots at Bournemouth.



Becky

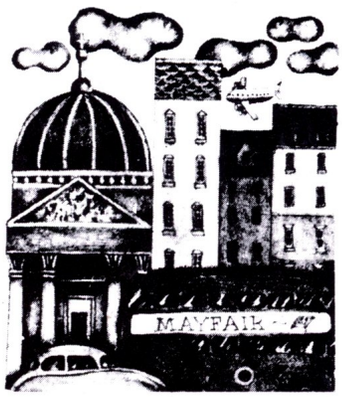
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL ANCHER

Businessmen, if you are in need of headed notepaper, cards or compliment slips, then Becky Rogers is the girl to see. That's because 21-year-old Becky works for an 'instant printing' firm, and spends all her day accepting offers for everything from simple photocopying to printing and binding a complete business report. Based in a busy high street in South London, it's not a job that allows much time for fresh air. So in her spare moments, she gets out as much as possible.

'After a day in the shop, I feel as if *I've* turned into a black and white photocopy of myself,' Becky joked. 'So I go for long evening walks — anywhere where there are a few trees, and I can feel the grass beneath my feet.' Living close to Crystal Palace park, she often chooses that as the venue for her after-work walk, but she has no time for the sports complex there. 'I've never been one to pound the track or compete against others. And as for playing with balls —' Becky blushed, realising her *double entendre,* then continued, 'Well, I certainly wouldn't play with them at Crystal Palace' — which might be a disappointment to the male residents.

Instead, Becky keeps her 34-23-34 figure in trim with careful diet. Not that she's too finicky about food. 'If a handsome man offered me an Italian meal with ice cream and liqueurs to follow, I would be the last to refuse,' she insisted. And what about afterwards? Becky smiled non-commitally. 'Let's just say that I'd like a long romantic walk down a tree-lined lane with an arm around me . . . Yes, I am a bit old fashioned. I like to be wooed before I'm rude.' Becky has no qualms about nudity though, baring all on the south coast's naturist beaches. 'I started going when I was 14, and had nothing to bare. My friends used to joke that I ought to have ''This way up'' on my chest. I can't wait for them to see these photos.'

SCENE



When we decided to run a feature on the fanatical Japanese kamikaze pilots we wanted an illustration which accurately depicted the drama and tension of the suicide attacks. So we were delighted to be able to reproduce the superbly detailed work of John Hamilton who is acknowledged as one of the world's leading painters of the Second World War at sea. His paintings of the kamikaze crashing onto an American aircraft carrier and the attack on the New Mexico are included in his new book, the fascinating *War at Sea*. The book includes 176 of John's dramatic paintings reproduced in top quality colour as well as 43 explanatory maps. In this beautifully presented and comprehensive volume John has drawn on a wide variety of sources from all over the world to tell the history of the sea war in fascinating and accurately detailed paintings which bring the events to life. The book is a special limited edition of only 750 copies which the publishers, Blandford Press, tell us will soon become valuable collectors' items.
Each copy costs £195, and is full-bound in luxurious blue calf leather, blocked in gold, on heavy boards to ensure long life. It comes in a sturdy cloth-covered slip case, and gilt edges have been provided on all three sides which are not only attractive but also help preserve the prints from dirt and damage. To ensure absolute accuracy of reproduction, special inks have been used on highest quality matt paper. Four hundred of the 750 limited edition have been reserved for the US, but further details of the ones available in England can be obtained from Blandford Press Limited, Link House, West Street, Poole, Dorset BH15 1LL. Tel: 0202 671171.

Any red-blooded male who sits glued to the TV watching the *Miss World* contest will find himself wondering what the beauties would look like without all that unnecessary clothing. Well, this month we're giving you the chance to use your imagination in reverse. Turn to page 36, and picture sexy Isabelle Chaudieu wearing the Miss World sash and crown. Because it is perfectly possible she would have been the current Miss World — if it hadn't been for our pictures. For Isabelle was stripped of her Miss France title after these pictures came to light, and she didn't get to appear in the Miss World contest which many people believed she would win. A pity for Isabelle, but she looks much better without the sash anyway.

Rival magazines *Men Only* and *Club International* have both recently put up their prices, and *Penthouse* is of course already massively expensive at £2.50. While we guarantee to keep our price pegged until the end of the year, we will inevitably be forced to pass onto readers some of our rising production costs. This will make a *Mayfair* subscription even better value than ever. You only have to pay the street price of the magazine, we absorb all postal charges. So for the price of a newsagent's copy of *Mayfair* we will send it direct to your home every month. And if you take out a subscription now you will beat the inevitable price increase. Think about it, it really does make good sense. Or if you're stuck for a present idea for the man who has everything, send him a subscription, and introduce him to a whole year of action-packed male entertainment. Full subscription details can be found on page 104.

Since we started selling our own *Mayfair* lingerie it has proved a roaring success with readers, either guys buying it as presents for their ladies, or the ladies themselves sending for it as a special surprise turn-on for the man in their life. But so far all the items have been for those special occasions at home, and now that summer has finally arrived we wanted to add some funwear to our range that can be worn in public and out of doors. And what better way to show off your lady's figure than our ultra sexy *Mayfair* swimsuit. With the zip down the front she can be as provocative as she likes, and if you happen to find yourselves among some isolated sand dunes it provides very easy access. The material itself is genuine Lycra and feels so sensual and slinky it has to be touched to be believed. See page 103 for details.

TAKE THE WINE TRAIL FOR A VINTAGE '86

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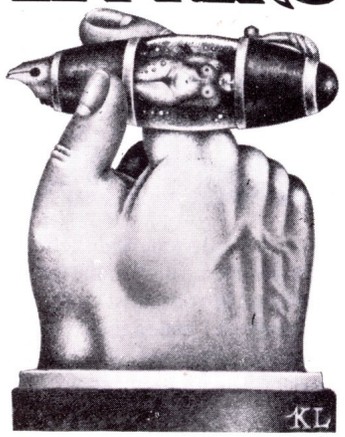


Gentlemen, you've done it again. Whilst other magazines are 'crayoning in' black and white photographs of boring pop stars, you are consistently producing pictures of truly attractive girls.
Take Vol 21 No 4. Belinda Bellingham was a real beauty, proof indeed that girls can be horsy and horny. And the sensational centregirl Susan has the perfect figure. She has a fabulous pair — and for once I mean her eyes. They are so deep and penetrating. Even the Rubenesque Jane Large proved exciting.
Never mind searching out so-called celebrities and painting pictures of their bodies. Keep giving us beautiful girls, famous or not.
THB, Kettering

Your Spitfire feature in Vol 21 No 4 made good reading but I wonder how many spotted the tease in Michael Codd's punchy artwork? Without doubt that battered Messerschmitt sliding away bottom right has a V12 Rolls-Royce Merlin engine! Let me explain.
The Rolls-Royce connection began in 1935. Waiting for the Jumo 210 engine, and aware that our Spitfire was already flying, Willy Messerschmitt powered his first Me109 (No 758) with a handy Rolls-Royce Kestrel. Later, Jumo and Daimler-Benz V12s, inverted, gave the 109 its distinctive and sinister outline.
In 1945, some 109s were completed in Spain using Hispano-Suiza power units. In 1954, the worn Hispanos were replaced by upright and more powerful Rolls-Royce Merlins, the revised outline looking exactly like Michael Codd's painting. Nicknamed 'Buchons' after a high breasted pigeon common in Seville, no less than 27 were mustered for the *Battle of Britain* movie. Incidentally, captured Spitfires were sometimes fitted with German engines for test purposes.
David Kinsella, London SW19

I enjoyed very much Edwyn Gray's article on the much beloved Spitfire. Whether or not it was indeed the best fighter of WW2 is, I suppose, open to debate. Amongst others, the North American P51 could be a candidate for that title. But it certainly was versatile and adaptable.
I would also question that the eight .303 guns which comprised its basic (and Battle of Britain) armament were as devastating in their effect as the article suggests. I believe that hindsight has suggested that this combination of rather small calibre guns lacked a mortal punch unless the pilot could get in close enough to catch the enemy aircraft at the point where the fire of the eight guns converged. I've heard it argued that the Bf109 with its mixture of machine guns and cannon not only packed a bigger punch but actually had a higher ratio of aircraft destroyed to aircraft hit.
Alex Fletcher, Barcelona, Spain

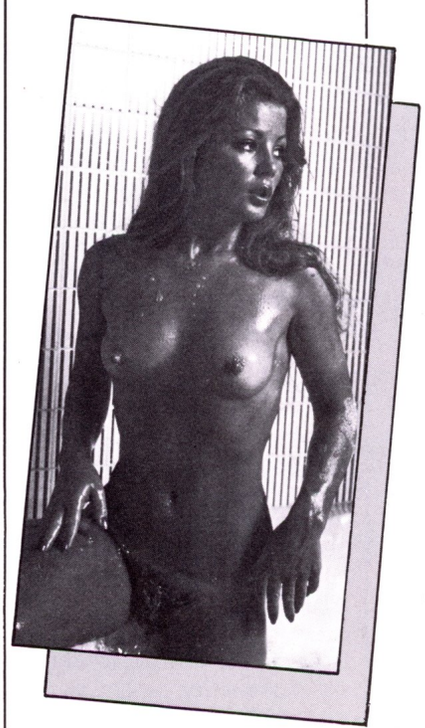
Nice feature on the Spitfire in Vol 21 No 4. Pity about the two Spitfires with 'an approach speed of 800 mph'. Not on, I'm afraid. Those early marks could not achieve more than 400 mph even in a dive. Two Spitfires closing on one another would have an approach speed of 700 mph at most. Also on page 71, the Dornier being shot down is in fact a Heinkel HEIII. Dornier's have small *twin* fins...
P Turton, Llandudno

Who says that the Hurricane wing had to be redesigned to accomodate eight guns? It was always the Spitfire wing that gave trouble with regard to changes in armament. The Hurricane wing was thicker and simpler in construction than that of the Spitfire, and more easy to modify. Why else did it take four years to get four cannon into a Spitfire when Hurricanes were toting that little lot around in 1940? The Spit's wing was simply too thin to take 20mm cannon, the ones that did in the Battle of Britain were less than successful.
The first squadron that tried out a cannon-armed Spitfire (No 19) soon found that they couldn't fire more than two or three rounds from each cannon before they jammed. The result? A loud noise in the general direction of 'Stuffy' Dowding, and he rightly insisted they were replaced with machine guns.
Concerning the pictures on page 71. Others may have noticed that the 'Dornier' being attacked is in fact a Heinkel III. But looking at the decidely peculiar angle of the Spit relative to the bomber, and the pre-war roundels and two-bladed airscrew, may I offer the opinion that the photographic trickery merchants have been at work?
By the way, the incident described in the text where an erk was inadvertantly given a ride on a Spit seems especially appropriate for *Mayfair*, since the erk in question was a lady erk — a WAAF.
M G Evans, Newark
PS Please, please, please can we see more of the delectable Jane Large?

We knew that a subject like the Spitfire would provoke a huge response from you, and it did. Mayfair *readers from all over the world seemed to want to offer their view of this great little airplane. Thank you for your opinions and additional information. You can always rely on a* Mayfair *reader to pay close attention to detail. As for Jane Large, she rang us to say that she was as happy with our pictures in Vol 21 No 4, as readers obviously were.*

I rate your magazine as the most tasteful men's magazine on the market; the poses are artistic and not the least bit smutty. However, I would like to see more girls in soaking wet clothes, for I find the sight of wet material clinging to a girl's breasts extremely appealing. It would make a change from the nude shots (not that I'm complaining — far from it).
For example, couldn't you get the magnificent Shirley Strong to pose for you. I am sure you have had thousands of requests to feature the golden girl of British athletics, but I doubt if she would be willing to pose in the altogether. So instead how about a few shots of her in one of those figure hugging leotards? You must have seen that brilliant picture in *The Star* where she's frollicking in the swimming pool in a teeshirt. It's soaking wet, and her nipples stick out a mile. If she will pose in a wet teeshirt, surely she would do something for your magazine. She leaves Samantha Fox (ugh!) standing.
Finally, you mention that a lot of old magazines are available but I wonder if there are any of your old calendars still for sale. They must rank as collectors items as well. I well remember the ones from the mid-seventies when I used to work in an office, and we always had a copy on the wall. I especially remember the full frontal nude poses of Penny Irving.
CH, Manchester

Sorry, we do not offer back issues of our calendars prior to 1984. However to cheer you up here's a glimpse of Penny as she appeared in Vol 10 No 5.



So EL of Buckinghamshire thinks that sex in the workplace is unusual? Not so, at least not for my girl Jane (name changed) and I. Jane is a tall and very sexy redhead with a smile that could turn on a 70-year-old monk. She has legs like Betty Grable and her bust is the stuff wet dreams are made of. The only fly in the ointment is her husband.
Jane and I soon became friends and, as her duties often required her to work weekends, I slipped in to see her one Sunday. I should explain that we work for the same firm but in different departments, so my entering the building didn't arouse suspicion.
I found her alone in her workroom, a small private area away from the

Turn to page 12

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*
Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

LETTERS

Continued from page 11

main workshop, and presented her with a box of her favourite chocolates. She came over and gave me a thank you kiss, much as one might expect from an aunt or a sister. But I was 19, a virgin, and in love with her. That one kiss was enough, and I pulled her close to me, and we kissed again, this time with great passion. My fingers strayed to her overall buttons, and undoing the top two, delved inside to cup her right breast.

'It'd be more fun if you put your hand inside the bra,' she whispered. I didn't need much forcing to obey. Meanwhile, Jane was unbuttoning my shirt, and leaving large love bites on my neck and shoulders.

Thus encouraged I slid a hand downwards into her tights (she only wears stockings these days), and into her tiny blue pants to stroke her pussy. Unfortunately, the moment she returned the favour by rubbing my penis, I came in my trousers. As I said, I was a virgin, and she had never been unfaithful before. This combination brought proceedings to an abrupt end.

I did not see her again for three weeks, but when I did she said that she could not forget that half an hour we had had, and that I should come and visit her at work next weekend, when she would have a surprise for me.

When I arrived she was wearing a shorter overall than normal, and offered me a drink. After about ten minutes, Jane unbuttoned the overall, and told me to take it off. I did, and was surprised to see that she was wearing nothing except stockings and a suspender belt.

Without another word, she undressed me, and took hold of my cock. Slowly she put it in her mouth, and began to suck me off. She repeated the whole process (twice within ten minutes!), my first experience of any sort of sexual activity.

'That should keep you dry when the fun really starts,' Jane said with a laugh, and led me to a double camp bed where she taught me all about a woman's body. We made love several times over the next three hours (Sunday is a very slack day at work), and our Sunday sessions became a regular highlight of the week for the next six years. She having a husband, and me living with my parents there was simply nowhere else to go.

I had to wait until I had my own house before we could have sex anywhere else. But despite the four poster bed and luxury bedroom suite, we still have sex at work for old times sake. It's rarer now, but by my estimate we have had over 500 fucks in that old camp bed in her workroom, and most have been when one or both of us has been on double time for Sunday working!

(Name and address withheld)

You certainly deserve the Queen's Award for Industry

Your Quest series on 'The Memory Factor' was fascinating, and one interview seemed particularly realistic. It was the occasion where the 'brewer's droop' victim was resuscitated by a pair of PVC boots, and the memories they recalled.

My wife has several outfits which whilst not particularly sexy give me a hard-on immediately. Why? Because they remind me of occasions that we had very satisfactory sex.

Some are a little dated now, like the flared loon pants and teeshirts she used to wear in the seventies, but I occasionally ask her to wear them for old times sake. I remember so well the first time I saw her nipples poking through that top in the summer of 1974. It only seems like yesterday that I pulled down the zip of those trousers to push an exploratory finger into her panties. And even now, though it would be scoffed at outside, this outfit really turns me on.

Another favourite is her plunge front maxi dress. I can always relive the moment I reached into the front of that in my old Cortina to hold her firm young breasts. At parties she used to wear a pair of wedge-shaped platform shoes with it that made her taller than me, and when we danced her breasts were right under my nose. It was wonderful.

I feel quite sorry for those people whose wives throw away their old outfits or give them to charity shops. The memories they evoke have never failed me yet, even after a few drinks. Nostalgia is a very powerful thing.

D M, Leeds

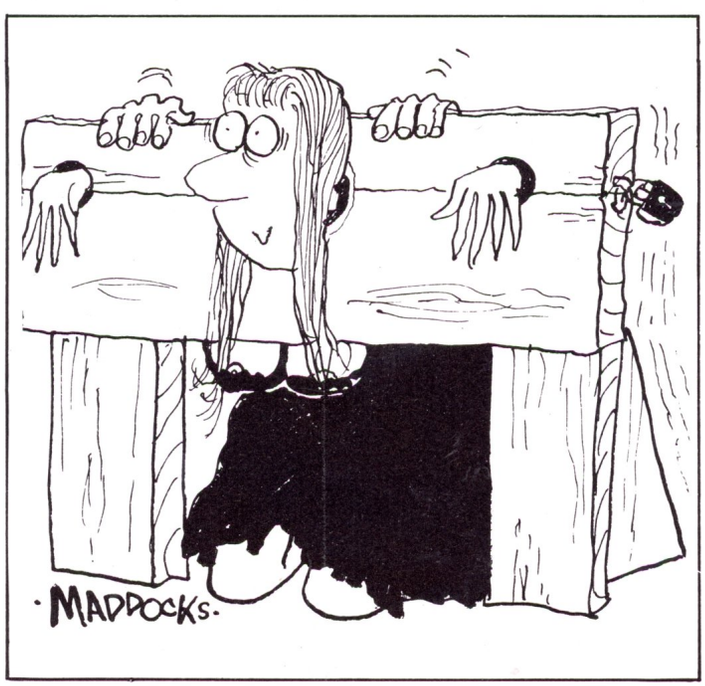
One of your readers asked if any other girls were spanked on their bare bottoms. When I was her age, I was given a hiding almost every week if I was naughty.

If I had misbehaved in the slightest, and my father was at the office, my mother would put a towel over her knee, lay me across it, and give me a very sore bottom. She would then send my to my room until my Dad came home.

When he did, my mother would tell him what a naughty girl I'd been, and he would go upstairs to fetch his cane. Then he would come into my room. I was then made to take off my nightdress, revealing my bare bottom still red from my earlier spanking. He would make me put my hands on the wall, and stick out my buttocks. Then he would give me six or twelve strokes of the cane. If I made the slightest noise I was given six more.

Now that I have a husband and children of my own he punishes them in the same way — a good hiding on their bared bottoms. Sometimes if I'm naughty, he'll put me across his knee, lift up my dress, pull down my knickers and then stroke my bottom before he gives me a good hiding. If I'm really naughty, he brings out a cane that he only uses on me, and gives me some very tingly strokes with it. This makes me yelp, not so much from pain as excitement. Then we make love doggy fashion, so that he can see my nice bare red bottom.

Mary, Glasgow



I have noticed a tone of disbelief in the footnote to some of the letters published in your most enjoyable magazine. As one of the no doubt growing number of female readers, I'm prompted to write of some of my own adventures in the hope that some of the witnesses will independently confirm my stories as accurate and true.

On a warm afternoon last summer my boyfriend and I parked near the Serpentine in Hyde Park, and went for a walk near an area fenced off for greenhouses and stores. We found ourselves in a less busy part of the park.

I was wearing a short silk dress which just about covered my bum. When we reached a large old tree in an area with few paths, Paul (name changed) and I leaned against it for a cuddle. With Paul's back to the tree we started to kiss and caress each other.

Very soon I started to get horny, and pushed my hips up against his now firm bulge. At the same time he slid his hand up my skirt to fondle my bum. Then suddenly he pulled it down again sharply.

'What's wrong,' I asked. 'A guy over there is watching us,' he said.

I turned to see a tall thin man of Italian looks pull his head back behind a tree. 'Hope he clears off soon,' said Paul.

'What does it matter,' I replied, 'he's only looking.'

After a few minutes Paul's hand went back up my skirt. This time it was more of a deliberate action. In fact it went right up to my waist, lifting up my dress and clearly exposing my bum. The thought of that guy's eyes fixed on my bum got me even more excited.

Paul's other hand came up to the front and unbuttoned my dress down to my waist. Then he unbuttoned his shirt so my now firm nipples were pushed up against his bare chest. Next he started to fondle my clitoris, while all the time my bare bum was exposed to the man's gaze.

Then Paul asked if he should take my G-string knickers down. 'Yes, please,' I begged. Slowly he pulled my pants over my bum, and they fell to my ankles.

'Step out of them,' Paul asked, and I did. Then he pushed my legs

Turn to page 114

LETTERS

Continued from page 12

apart, all the time holding my short skirt up at the back. I knew full well he was enjoying the voyeur almost as much as I was. So I undid his fly, and released his penis, and started to masturbate him.

This was too much for me, and I felt faint with sexual excitement. I asked to be screwed. 'Not yet,' he replied, exposing my bum all the more. 'Bend over and suck me.'

'So he can see right up my pussy, you mean don't you,' I said. 'Yes,' said Paul. I don't know where I got the nerve from, but I happily obliged.

With my skirt up over my bum, my buttocks well exposed, and legs apart in the most provocative stance, I bent over and performed oral sex on my lover. It was so thrilling that my legs started to tremble. Then I could stand it no longer, and brought my pussy up to his groin. 'Fuck me,' I cried in a loud voice, and he obliged by thrusting his cock up me hard. I was so wet that penetration was incredibly easy, and I had an instantaneous orgasm.

Paul didn't come. Instead he turned me round to face the voyeur, and entered me from the rear. Then I saw them. Not one guy but half a dozen of them were watching. One short stocky man lay near by looking up my pussy. Another had a bicycle, another a dog, and yet another was further way with a pair of binoculars.

Paul untied the waistband so my dress fell open, exposing all of my body. Then he took me from behind. I was able to watch the voyeurs as they watched us making love. I felt Paul begin his climax, and this triggered off my own. It grew into the most explosive orgasm I have ever experienced in twelve years of sexual experience.

We got dressed without speaking, and walked past the guys. The one with the bicycle thanked us for the show. He walked along with us, and in the most matter of fact way said we were the very best he'd ever seen, and asked how long we had been in the scene. 'What scene?' I asked. 'Do you mean this happens often?' He said it did most days in the summer, but not usually so blatant as we had been. That was why he asked if we were experienced. I expressed disbelief. But he said it wasn't so common to see full sex, and this was the only time a girl had done it that way as usually the lady had her back to the tree with the man in front or lay on the ground with the man on top.

As we reached Paul's car I noticed that all the voyeurs had followed at a distance. I waved to them as we drove off. Perhaps some of them will read this letter, and write to confirm my story. We have repeated this performance once in Hyde Park, and several times in our car at a north London beauty spot. This summer we intend doing it on more regular basis, but in a less obvious location than Hyde Park.

Many thanks to all the nice voyeurs, including a few women, who have looked but never tried to touch us. It is they who have made it all so enjoyable and harmless. It allows me the lovely feeling of being the centre of attraction for a few hours.

(Name and address witheld)

If you would like to send us a list of places and dates, we can print a timetable of scheduled events to make sure you get an audience. It sounds more fun than watching game shows on TV.

A novel piece of graffiti I spotted in a pub loo:

In these days of economic crisis, remember the difference between being hard up and down and out is about three minutes on average

A Y, Camberwell

I thought you might be amused by a sign that has appeared in our office of late. It states simply: 'This firm is to British industry what crochet is to contraception...

Sally, Bexley Heath

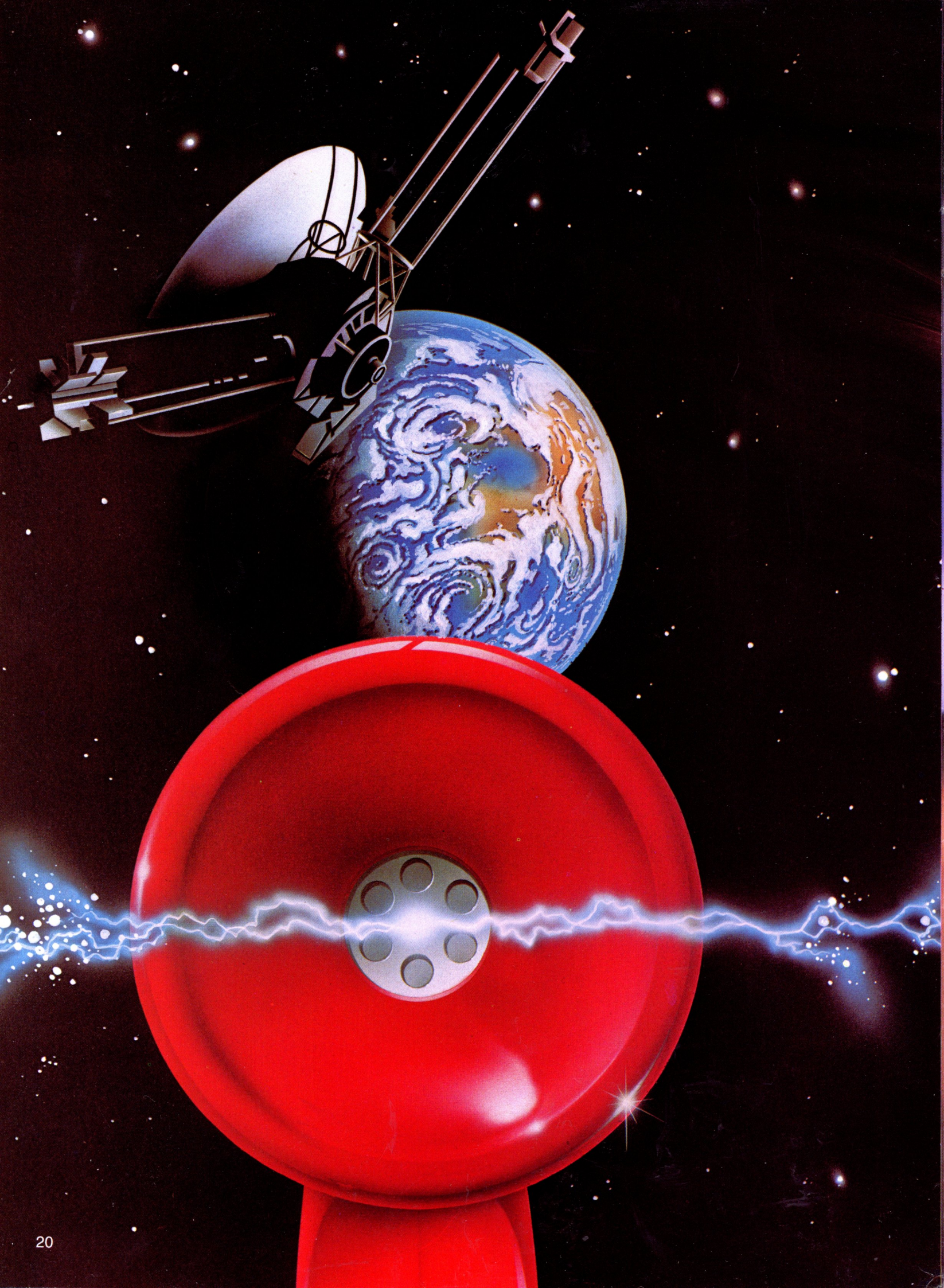
Why don't you feature more girls from Australia? Are you afraid that men everywhere will find out that Australian women have the best figures, brains and personalities of any women of this planet. They leave Choom chicks and British birds for dead. If you don't believe me, come to Australia and see for yourself. You'll never go back to England again.

What's more our girls keep their excellent figures until they are in their seventies. And they wear far less clothing than girls in Europe. In fact the girls are so spunky and beautiful that the average man is stiff all the time. If you thought that Bradman was good, you ought to meet Australian women, they really know how to handle balls.

James Murphy, Sydney, Australia

We'd be happy to photograph any Aussie girls, especially one who can tell us what a 'Choom chick' might be.

CAZ



It started with him walking to the phone just before it rang. A coincidence? I thought so at first. But how had Lovelock known what the chairman was going to tell us? I wasn't the only one who'd noticed the changes in him since the car crash, and it was getting worse. . . Fiction by James Hill

The Lovelock Syndrome

Looking back, I can now recall when I first became aware of what was happening to Lovelock, though at that time I hardly gave it a second thought.

We had been working through the last technical reports received from the German contractors on their contribution to the Mithras project. There were only the two of us in the room as we had stayed on for an extra hour to get the job finished. I was just saying, 'I'll call them in the morning, and ask if they can check the figures for the output on Channel . . .'

Then Lovelock broke in. 'Just a minute, Joe.' He frowned, scratched his left eyebrow as he always did when something was worrying him, and without looking at the instrument he put his hand out to the telephone. At that precise moment it rang, just as his hand was poised over it. He picked it up, said, 'Hello, Fay,' and then went on to have a brief conversation with his girlfriend, arranging where to meet her that evening. He put

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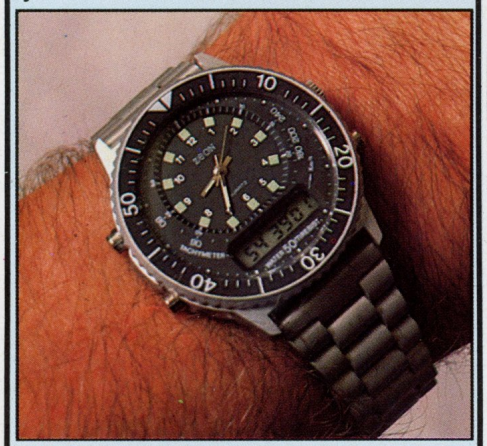

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the telephone down, smiled at me, and went on.
'Sorry — what were you saying, Joe?'
Perhaps it seemed a little odd that he appeared to have known in advance that the phone was going to ring, but there was an alternative explanation. When he interrupted me it could have been that he had decided to give Fay a call, and by coincidence she had rung him at that precise moment.
About a week later, we had a full committee meeting on Mithras with Sir John Appleton taking the chair. He was anxious to get the meeting over quickly, hoping that the reports from the members would confirm that all work was ready for the planned launching date on the 23rd June. He was looking around the table to each of us in turn.
'No problems for you, Joe?'
I shook my head, and he went on to Lovelock.
'OK with you, Paul?'
It seemed that Lovelock was just on the point of speaking when he hesitated, twitched at his eyebrow, got up suddenly and walked towards the telephone by the door without saying a word. Appleton scowled, wondering what was going on. I watched Lovelock go to the phone, and saw him reach for it at the moment that it rang. He picked it up, spoke quietly for a few moments, and then came back to the table.
Appleton stared at him blankly. Lovelock appeared to be deep in some private thoughts for a few seconds, and then said, 'That was from de Quincey, Sir John. There's trouble with the launcher. It's going to take about three days.'
'Damn!' Appleton said, and picked up his papers. 'That appears to be that, gentlemen. I appreciate all you've done. We'd better meet again on Tuesday to discuss how this is likely to affect the launch date.'
He got up, stared at Lovelock, but then shrugged and went off.
'Fancy a pint, Paul?' I asked.
He didn't seem to hear me at first, but eventually we went across to The Compasses. It was difficult making conversation with him. We discussed the implications of the delay in getting Mithras into orbit. A fairly complex communications satellite, it was privately financed, and the backers had already shown their dissatisfaction at the delays which had held it up for six months. Lovelock seemed gloomy and withdrawn whereas he was normally cheerful and not one to be affected by setbacks. I could have understood an outburst from him and sympathised. His own contribution had been completed and tested on schedule, and it was the most intricate and advanced component of the whole system. When it was in orbit and operationally tested, it could put us several years ahead of the competition. Lovelock was very bright. The word 'genius' could have been applied to him, but it was a term that we shunned because it had been devalued by the media and brewers.
'Anything the matter?' I asked, 'you're looking very depressed.'
'Nothing,' he said shortly and dismissively. 'A bit of a headache. That's all.'
He rubbed his hand over his forehead, and went through the eyebrow routine again, put his glass down and said, 'Look, Joe — I don't feel like making this a session. I'm going home. Fay will be turning up in a minute or two. I'm not up to being sociable — will you explain?'
And with that he went off through the back door. Almost immediatley afterwards, Fay came in through the front door, waved to me, and came over.
Fay had all the attributes of a top-class photographic model, and was the sort of girl any man would always be glad to see and to be seen with. It was difficult to understand how she came to be coupled with Lovelock who, with all deference, could never be thought of as physically attractive. His lean frame, long bony hands, and craggy features behind very large spectacles gave one the impression of a studious praying mantis. But although Fay's body could have graced the centre-spread of any glossy magazine, she was, in fact, one of the country's leading neurologists. So perhaps it was a union of great minds.
'Paul asked me to make apologies. He's got a headache, and has gone home,' I told her. 'There was a setback during the committee meeting that's probably upset him a bit. It wouldn't be like Paul to stand you up.'
She looked puzzled. 'We didn't have a date to meet here. I got off earlier than I expected and just dropped in for a drink. I was going to call Paul later.'
'That's odd, I said. 'He told me that you'd be arriving. You came in only about a minute after he'd left.'
'ESP?' she grinned, and seemed content to leave it at that. My mind went back to the incident with the telephone at the meeting.
'Fay,' I asked, 'have you noticed anything odd about Paul recently?'
'How d'you mean?'
'I don't know really. He seems to be a bit depressed — not quite his usual self, as though he's got something on his mind, something worrying him.'
'Not really,' she answered. 'He's been a bit moody. I put it down to the Mithras launch. It's going to mean a lot to him personally if it all goes smoothly, isn't it? He's always been inclined to play it down — hide his feelings.'
'Mm,' I said, 'maybe that's it. Have another drink?'
I wasn't going to let slip the opportunity of some time in the company of Fay.
'ESP,' I said. 'Is there anything in it? Does it really happen?'
'There are some fairly well documented cases — some dating back to the nineteenth century at the Salpêtrière in Paris. I've come across a couple of incidents myself that were a bit hard to explain. Why?'
'Paul seemed to have known in advance that you were coming.'
'Oh,' she shrugged, 'hardly convincing. He might have thought that he had actually arranged to meet me here. He can be absent-minded. Just a coincidence.'
But I had the feeling that the way she dismissed the matter was just a little too facile.
On Tuesday we slumped round the table waiting for Appleton to arrive. We knew that he would have been in touch with the Americans, and would be able to give us the final verdict on the launch. Lovelock was scribbling on a pad. His expression was gloomy, and he was uncommunicative. Appleton came in and we all sat up.
For some reason I glanced down at the paper on which Lovelock had been scribbling, and read, 'Launch date off,' followed by the figure 30 and the phrase 'bad weather'.
Then I heard Appleton saying, in his beautifully

turn to page 24

The Lovelock Syndrome

continued from page 22

modulated diplomat's voice that masked his emotions but, at the same time, let you know what he was really thinking, 'Gentlemen, I'm afraid that our cousins insist on a postponement until the 30th. Apparently the weather in Florida is not conforming to what the travel brochures would have us believe. I share your frustration and disappointment.'

I just stared at Lovelock's scrawl. I heard him get up and walk away from the table. When I looked up he was standing by the telephone, and then it rang. The others were busy looking at Appleton, and only I saw him pick up the instrument without bothering to hold it to his ear, hold it out and say, 'It's for you, Sir John — it's de Quincey.'

I tackled him over lunch. 'Look, Paul — what's going on?' I went on to tell him what I'd noticed about the telephone calls, Fay's arrival at the pub, the fact that he'd seemed to have known about the launching in advance.

His face flushed, his whole manner became confused and embarrassed, but eventually he looked at me quite levelly and said, 'Joe — I don't want this to go any further.'

I gave him that assurance.

'It started about three months ago, after the accident.'

That had been in France when he had been on holiday with Fay. There was a minor car crash. He'd been in hospital for twenty-four hours with suspected concussion.

'That was nothing in itself. I had a headache for a few days afterwards but Fay treated me for that, and it cleared up. But then I found that I was hearing the telephone ringing just a few fractions of a second before it actually did ring. I could hear it, not so much in my ears — it was just a small noise in my head.'

'Did you tell Fay about this?'

'Yes. She couldn't explain it, but said it would probably go away. Some sort of temporary aberration.'

'But it hasn't gone away, has it?'

'No,' he said, 'it's a bit disturbing but it's also intriguing. You see — it's changing.'

'How do you mean?'

'Initially — the telephone business — there was just a tiny gap in time between the imagined event and what acutally happened. The time interval has stretched. I'm getting signals much earlier.'

'And not just telephone calls?' I prompted.

'No,' he admitted. 'Like this morning. Before Appleton arrived I was hearing what he was going to tell us.'

'You're clairvoyant?' I asked.

'Oh, God no! Nothing like that. I can't foretell the future. If that was the case I'd have made my fortune on the race course! Have you ever noticed that none of the people claiming the power to predict the future ever do that? No — I just get random signals over which I've no control. Up to now that's been of no use. It's just... well, odd, I suppose.'

'Does this worry you?'

'Sometimes. But as I told you — it's interesting and intriguing. I keep the whole business well monitored — treat it like a controlled experiment.'

'And Fay knows all about this?'

'Of course — it's in her field isn't it? I sometimes get a bit screwed up and confused about it, but she's able to control that with medication.'

'Well I'm damned,' I said feebly.

'Now you'll promise, Joe? Keep this to yourself. It's not something I want to get around the unit.'

'Of course,' I promised. 'But take care — this sort of thing could drive you round the bend.'

'Not a chance,' he said. 'Everything's well under control. If we leave now, we'll avoid meeting Bennett. I can't face him rabbiting.'

Bennett, the personnel manager and a crashing bore, came into the restaurant just as we were leaving. Lovelock's ability could be useful.

Mithras eventually got into orbit, and proved to be an unqualified success, particularly Lovelock's module with its capability of high-speed, digital encoding of data. As a result of that, he got a well-deserved promotion to Director of Research. His new duties meant that he travelled a lot in Europe and the States, and I saw less of him. I met de Quincey who'd come back from Dallas on leave.

'You know Paul Lovelock fairly well, Joe? What was he like when you were working with him?'

'Paul? I got on with him very well. A very bright lad — can be a bit intense.'

'Hm,' he said, 'bright lads can be... a bit too bright for their own good, don't you think?'

'What are you getting at?'

'It's struck me — and not only me — that he could be heading for a crackup. You know... you get the impression that a guy's mind is working just a shade too quickly for him to pace his life properly. Can be a bit difficult to live with. You're right — he's damned clever. Out in Dallas he was able to clear up the snags in next to no time, but he was getting neurotic about the next problem even before it had actually happened.'

That sounded ominous. I wondered about the 'changing' that Lovelock had spoken about. How far had this progressed?

If I'd been seeing less of Lovelock, I'd been seeing more of Fay. That was inevitable. Fay was around most of the time, and Lovelock was jetting about the globe. Fay appreciated the occasional dinner and theatre which was something she hadn't done much of with Paul.

I looked at her as she sat across the table opposite me. She was wearing something that resembled baggy dungarees made from black silk, but rather than conceal her figure, paradoxically it emphasised it. She had a single gold choker around her throat, and her hair was the colour of a barley field under the sun. I wondered how fair her sort of looks could be to patients suffering nervous disorders. I wasn't so afflicted, but the sight of her always affected my blood pressure.

'Fay,' I said, after giving the matter some thought, 'you were holding out on me. You knew all about what's been happening to Paul.'

'Well,' she said, 'it had to be his decision to talk about it. Presumably he told you?'

'Yes — he did. Frankly I'm concerned. I spoke to de Quincey the other day. He's been in Dallas with Paul recently, and told me that he thinks he could be heading for a breakdown. De Quincey's a level-headed guy who doesn't exaggerate. You're the expert in this field, Fay, and you're close to Paul. Can you explain what's happening?'

'I'm not quite so close to Paul now,' she said. 'The relationship... well, it was always a bit precarious.'

'I can understand that,' I said, trying to conceal the satisfaction I had felt at this disclosure. 'Is there any way this thing can be explained in... well... scientific or rational terms which I could make sense of?'

'Why, Joe?'

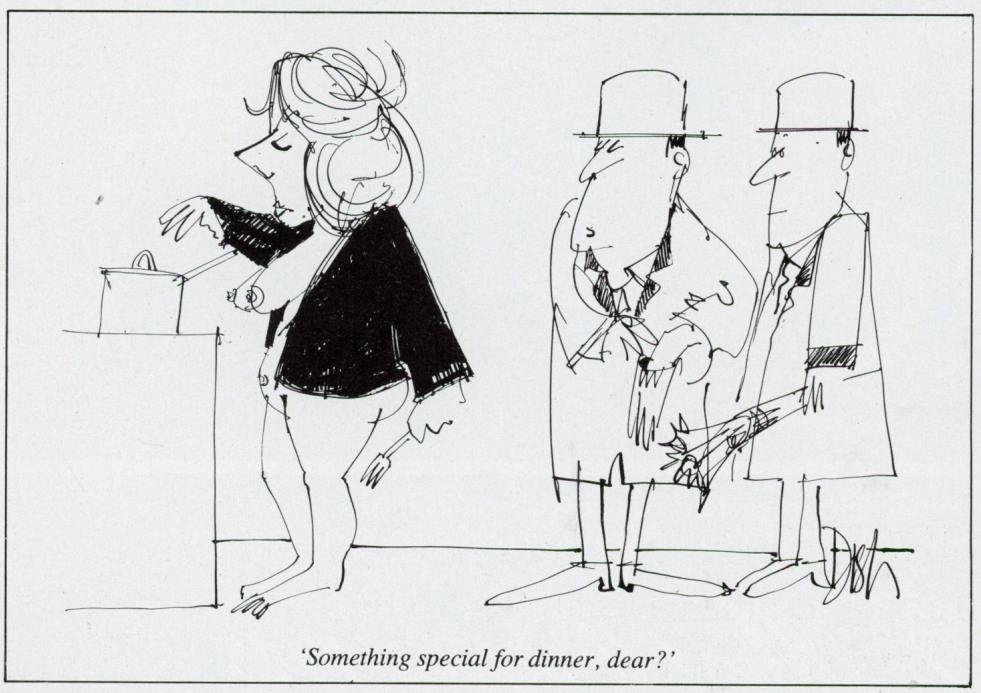
'I'd just like to understand if it's possible. I wouldn't want anything to happen to Paul if I could prevent it.'

'I don't fully understand it myself. I'm still working on it. I get Paul to send me regular reports. I suppose that could explain what's happened between Paul and me. He's become... well, a case, I suppose. It's almost reached a stage where I'm ready to read a paper on the symptoms.'

I had an image of her appearing at the lectern in a lecture theatre of the sort you usually come across in Dr Kildare movies. I wondered if the audience of high-powered brain specialists would be able to keep their minds on her subject matter.

'I'm of the opinion that it's related to the chemistry of the brain cells. You've heard of ''mind-expanding'' drugs like mescalin — they produce hallucinatory experiences, and can stretch perception. I think something of that nature might have happened. Not as a result of

turn to page 106



'Something special for dinner, dear?'

The Lovelock Syndrome

continued from page 24

drugs, but some organic change or mutation. It appears to be progressive.'

'Paul said you'd been treating him.'

She paused before she answered me, displaying a sort of diffidence. 'In a way . . . Just something to help him cope with it. I don't know how to cure it, nor would anyone else.'

'Have you discussed it with anyone else?'

'No, I haven't. It would be difficult at this stage. I don't know enough about its range or extent. Paul wouldn't have agreed to consultation, anyway. From a strictly professional point of view, I've been given a wonderful field for research.'

Hard to reconcile the glow in those violet eyes with a passion for professional research.

'What do you think can happen?'

'I can't say. It seems that his perception is becoming more acute and accurate, and the time range is expanding. It could be formidable.'

'How do you mean?'

She gave a very slight shrug of her beautiful shoulders, and a little smile. 'Imagine someone with that capability at something like a summit conference — knowing in advance what the opposition were going to say.'

She had a point there, and it was quite terrifying. In two ways: what such powers implied, and the cool, objective way in which she dealt with it. I also wondered if Lovelock, wherever he was, was picking up advance signals of what I had in mind.

'Thanks, Fay,' I said. 'Thanks for being so frank with me. Now, how about a coffee at my place?'

'That would be lovely,' she said.

When Lovelock came back from the States, I was immediately aware of what de Quincey had been driving at. There was a manic energy about him. His conversation was so rapid that you could scarcely keep up with him, and there was the disconcerting feeling that he did not give you time to reply to his questions because he already knew what you were about to say before you uttered the words.

He was now in complete charge of Mithras II, and the team, which had operated extremely well in the past, was suffering the effects of the insane pace at which Lovelock operated. There was practically no delegation. When you were just drawing up a schedule to deal with some development problem, he would charge in with full details of it and his notions of how it could be solved. He looked thinner, and his eyes seemed to burn with obsessional frenzy.

Committee meetings were farcical, being dominated by Lovelock. Appleton was a good chairman but it taxed his skills to keep control.

'Joe,' he said to me. 'Lovelock — I can't help feeling a measure of concern. I think it would be in all our interests if I were to insist that he takes a spell of leave. A check up with the doctor, possibly? But I don't think he's likely to agree until we get Mithras II away.'

That was a week before the scheduled launch date. The satellite was due to be shipped out by air from Manchester on the following day. When I came into the laboratory on that morning, Lovelock was already there, and had in fact worked through the night.

'I've got to go to Manchester, Joe,' he told me.

'What on earth for?' I asked. 'It's crated and ready to go. What's the point?'

'Something's wrong,' he said. He was almost shaking with anxiety, and looked physically ill. 'I can't say what it is. Something's gone off net, and I can't get it clearly. I've just got to go — that's all I know.'

There was no point in arguing with him.

'For God's sake, Paul. Take it easy, and drive carefully.'

'Of course,' he said, and went off. Then he paused by the door. 'I'll try to get back tonight, but if I don't manage it I've left some notes for you in your pigeon-hole. Things I'd like you to look after tomorrow — but only if I don't get back.'

Appleton called us for an unexpected meeting at three o'clock. The old boy looked shaken.

'Gentlemen,' he began, 'I have to tell you that I've just received the appalling news that Dr Lovelock has been killed as the result of an accident on the motorway. I don't think I can attempt to express my personal feelings, nor would I presume to try to speak for you. We must, for the moment, set aside such feelings, and as professionals work out what must be done immediately. He will be impossible to replace. I am sure that I can say quite accurately that he was a man ahead of his time.'

I wondered if he realised the implication of his last sentence.

We broke off the meeting, and I remembered the notes which Lovelock had spoken off. There were sheets of computer data relating to Mithras II, and a scrawled note:

'Indications of future events which, as you know, I have been receiving have become unusually clear and accurate. The solar panels of Mithras II will become damaged during transit to the aircraft. It is my wish to prevent this by personal intervention, but from my experience, events which I have been able to foresee have been irreversible. My intervention will not be permitted, but I am not fully informed how this will be brought about. In the event of the outcome being fatal to me, I would ask that you personally look after the launch of Mithras II. I also ask if you would look after Fay — or rather continue to do so as you have been doing in my absence . . .'

Mithras II was equally successful as its predecessor. The obituaries did Lovelock the honour he had merited, and there was a clear indication that he had been short-listed for the Nobel Physics Prize. No-one seemed to know if this could be awarded posthumously.

Fay and I took off for a fortnight in Tenerife. She'd said that she'd grown very fond of me, and that we were obviously compatible. And Paul had asked me to 'look after her'. There she was, lying beside me in a nominal bikini, bronzed as teak, her wonderful eyes shaded by sunglasses as she read through the typescript of the paper she was going to deliver when we returned to England. It was bound, and titled 'The Lovelock Syndrome'. I would have preferred that she had left it behind, and could have been as content as I was with some trivial paperback blockbuster. But she had her career.

When we got back to the hotel, I had a headache from the strong sunlight.

'Go and lie down, darling,' she said. 'I'll fix you something to take care of that.'

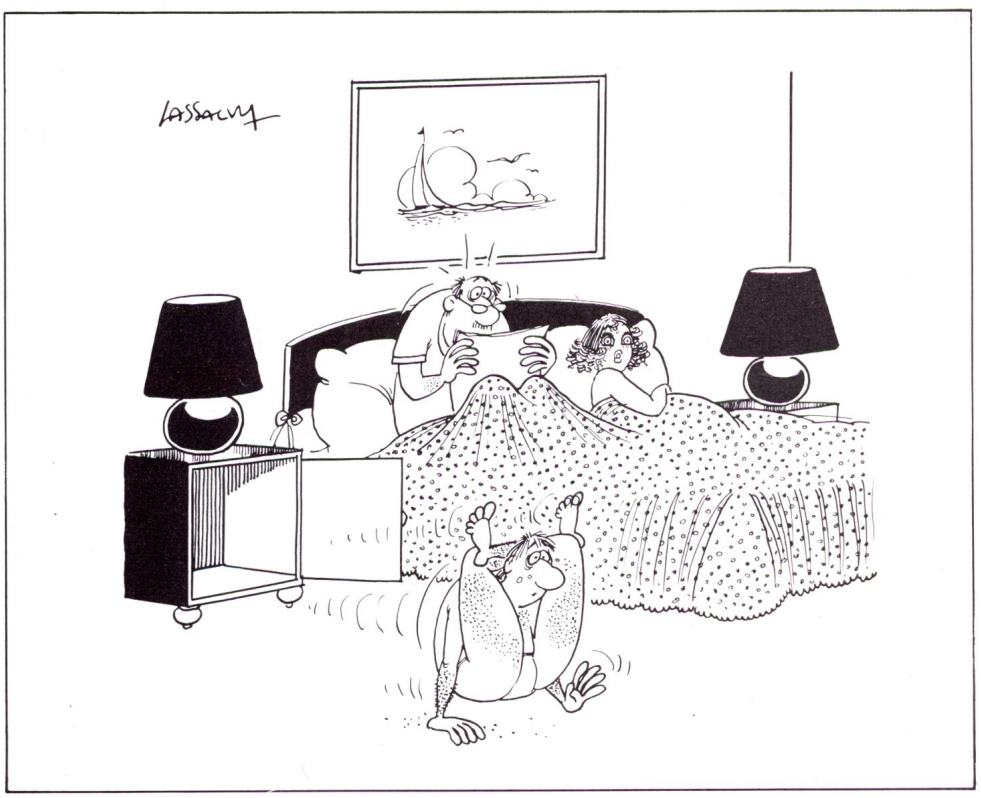
She came back with a tumbler containing some cloudy liquid which I gulped down. It had an odd, bitter-sweet taste.

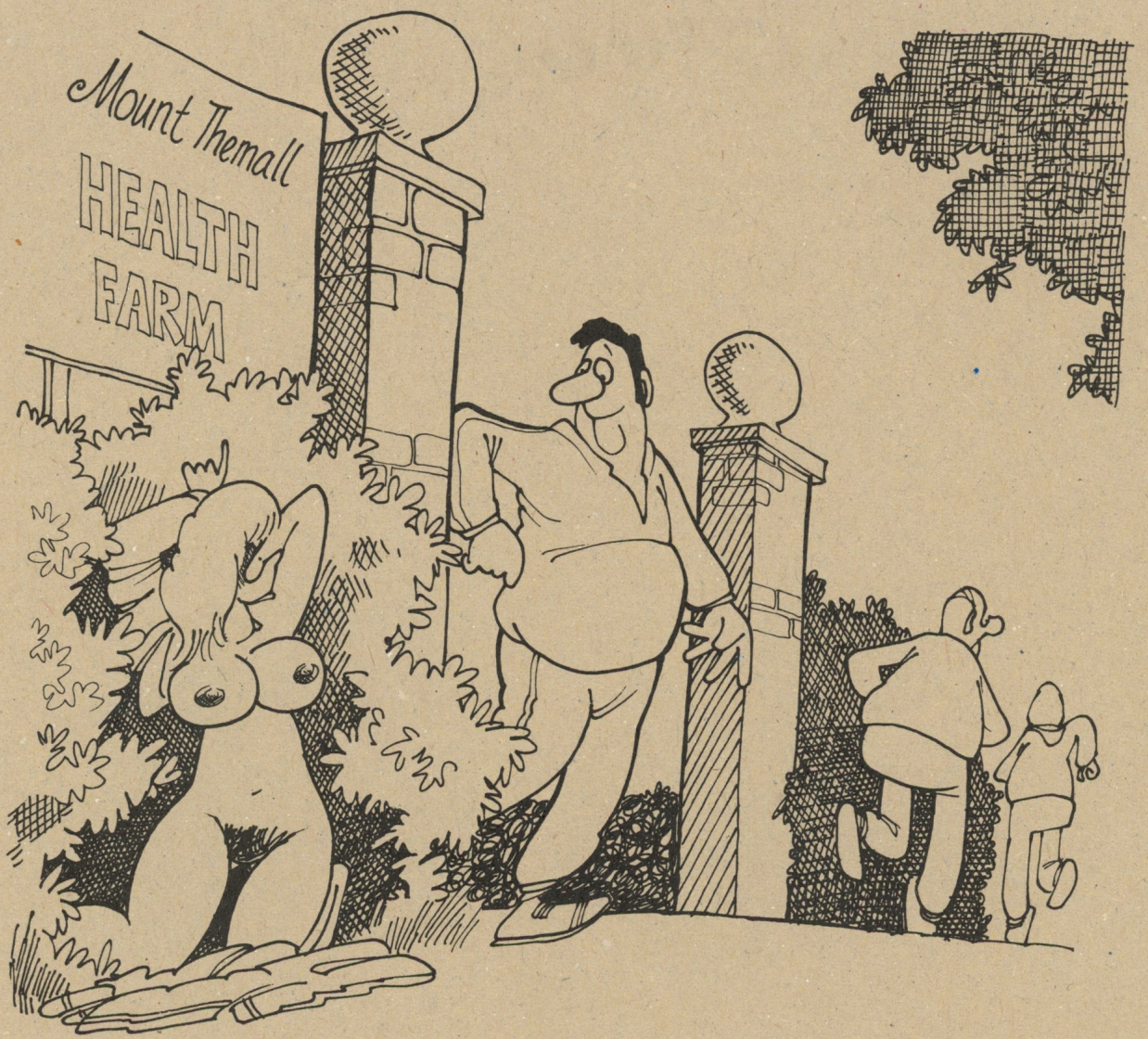
'Try to sleep,' she said. 'I'll be on the verandah.'

I didn't feel sleepy then. On the bedside table she had left the typescript. I picked it up idly and began to flick through it. I don't know about medical terminology and jargon, but I began to get the drift. Much of it was in the form of a log listing occurrences to 'the subject' following the administration of miligrammes of some substance with an unpronounceable name. I began to experience a cold horror, and then I must have gone into a very deep sleep.

It was light when I woke, and there was Fay's head close to mine on the pillow. She was sleeping soundly. I noticed that the typescript was nowhere to be seen.

I propped myself on one elbow without waking her, and blinked. Then I heard a noise. It seemed to be deep in the recesses of my mind, but the message was imperative, and I automatically stretched out my hand to the bedside telephone. The moment I touched it, it rang.





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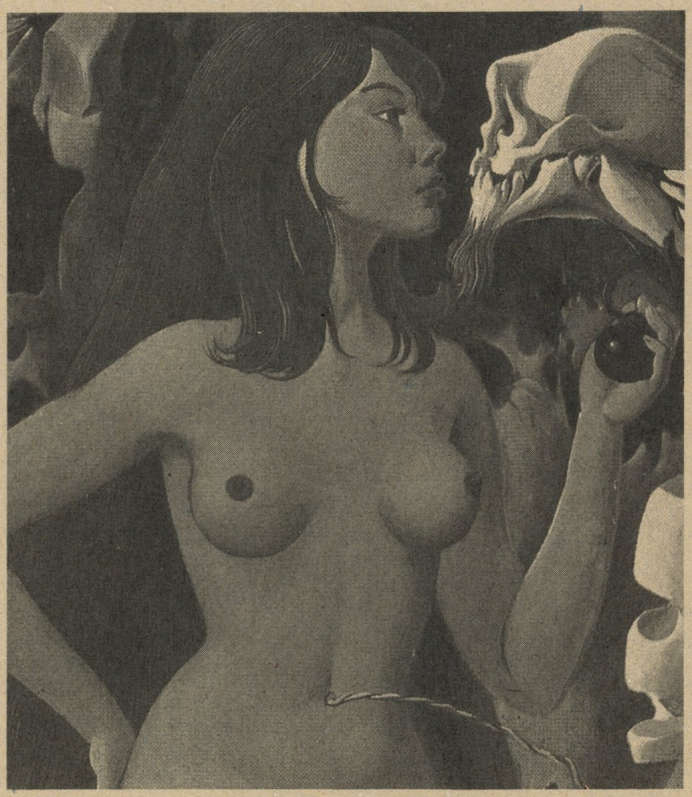

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FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic,
♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing,
♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp,
♡No discernable sex content

*** ♡ **Biggles** (PG), 1hr 40mins. Forget upstarts and degenerates like James Bond, Bulldog Drummond or the Saint — the only true British hero is unquestionably James Bigglesworth DSO, DFC, MC — *Biggles* to his chums. For sheer decency and extraordinary longevity (a youthful fighter ace in *both* World Wars), he is without peer. All the more surprising then that his heroic exploits have eluded the cinema — an omission amply remedied by this hitherto unrevealed yarn. During World War One, Biggles (Neil Dickson) — looking not a day over thirty — was, it seems, twinned in time with a modern-day New York ad executive Jim Ferguson (Alex Hyde-White). Whenever Biggles' life is endangered, Ferguson is despatched to 1917 to lend a hand. 'Thought you Americans were coming over,' comments our hero as he is hauled from a burning biplane by a bemused ad man in sneakers and jeans. 'Sending the uniforms on later, are they?' Since Biggles is rarely out of danger, this process occurs often and invariably in the most embarrassing of circumstances (Ferguson arrives naked in a Belgian nunnery and returns disguised as a nun in time to meet a goggle-eyed fiancée). But Biggles too can jump forward in time. This enables him to return to 1917 with a modern helicopter ('If you can fly a Sopwith Camel you can fly anything!'), drive off his arch enemy Erich Von Stalhein (Marcus Gilbert), and blast a devastating new German sound weapon, whose sophistication suggests others have been time-travelling too. All very silly, of course, but done with a Speilbergian panache that'll have you applauding.

*** ♡♡ **Maxie** (PG), 1 hr 38 mnis. A guide to guiltless ghost-laying when the strait-laced secretary of the bishop of San Francisco (Glen Close) becomes possessed by an amoral flapper who died fifty years before, on the eve of silent screen stardom. Ms Gould's bookish husband (Mandy Patinkin) is amazed and delighted by the change in his wife's bedroom habits: can you, he wonders, be adulterous with your wife's own body? Ingenious, though twee where it needs to be hilarious, it's still pleasant, undemanding entertainment.

*** ♡♡ **Youngblood** (15), 1 hr 50 mins. 'Tea' at Miss McGill's lodging house for young gentlemen is provided by that well-preserved fortyish lady in the bedroom, and is invariably accompanied by energetic sexual intercourse. So 17-year-old Dean Youngblood (Rob Lowe) discovers when he gets a long wished-for chance to join a renowned Canadian ice hockey team. Not that it's too long before he's enjoying the charms of his coach's coltish and full-breasted teenage daughter (Cynthia Gibb). But the film's most spectacular action takes place on the ice rink, where the game is brought vividly and violently to life. A familiar, though well-told, youngster-makes-good tale in an unfamiliar setting.

**** ♡♡ **To Live And Die in L.A.** (18), 1 hr 40 mins. Aggressive, young US Secret Service Agent Richard Chance (William L Petersen) takes the slam-bang (and never thank you, ma'am) sexual approach to new extremes when he pays an early morning visit to his informer/girlfriend (Darlanne Fluegel). Striding unannounced into her bungalow, he raids the fridge, strips, lifts the lissome blonde from her slumbers, and ravishes her without preamble across the rumpled sheets. But what else would you expect from a man who leaps off bridges for fun (he ties ropes to his ankles) and is so keen to nail a murderous counterfeiter he stages a robbery to finance the operation? And when the robbery goes disastrously wrong (the victim turns out to be an FBI 'plant') he only escapes by driving at speed the wrong way up a crowded freeway in the rush hour. Ruthlessness and daring are the qualities shared by Chance and his master counterfeiter quarry (Willem Dafoe) — a talented artist who burns his own masterpieces and kills without compunction. The parallels underscore the story which is as grittily realistic (the counterfeiting process, shown in precise detail, is apparently genuine) as it is action-packed. From the director of *The French Connection*, it's a fast, taut, coldly brilliant film — though with a distinctly nasty edge.

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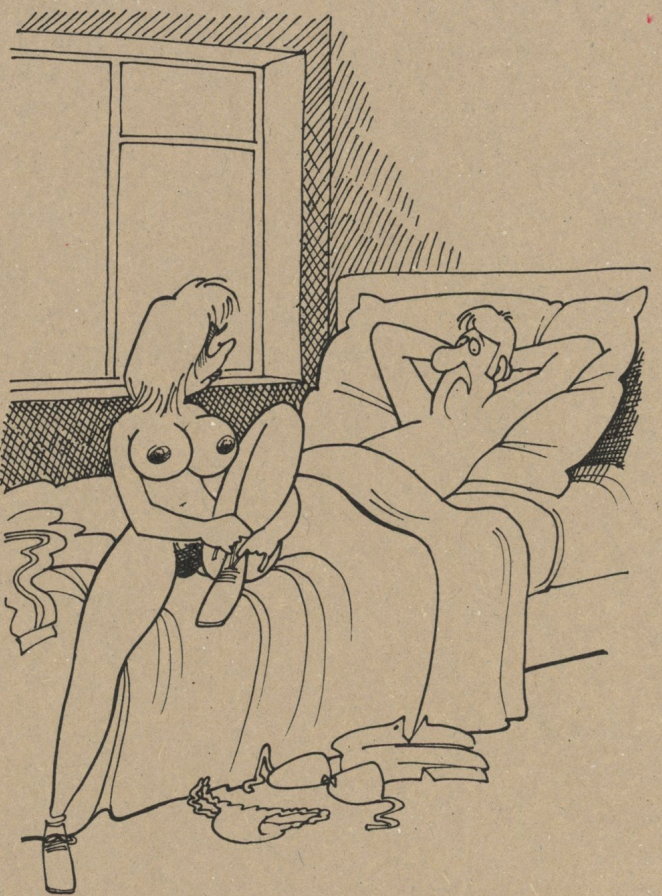
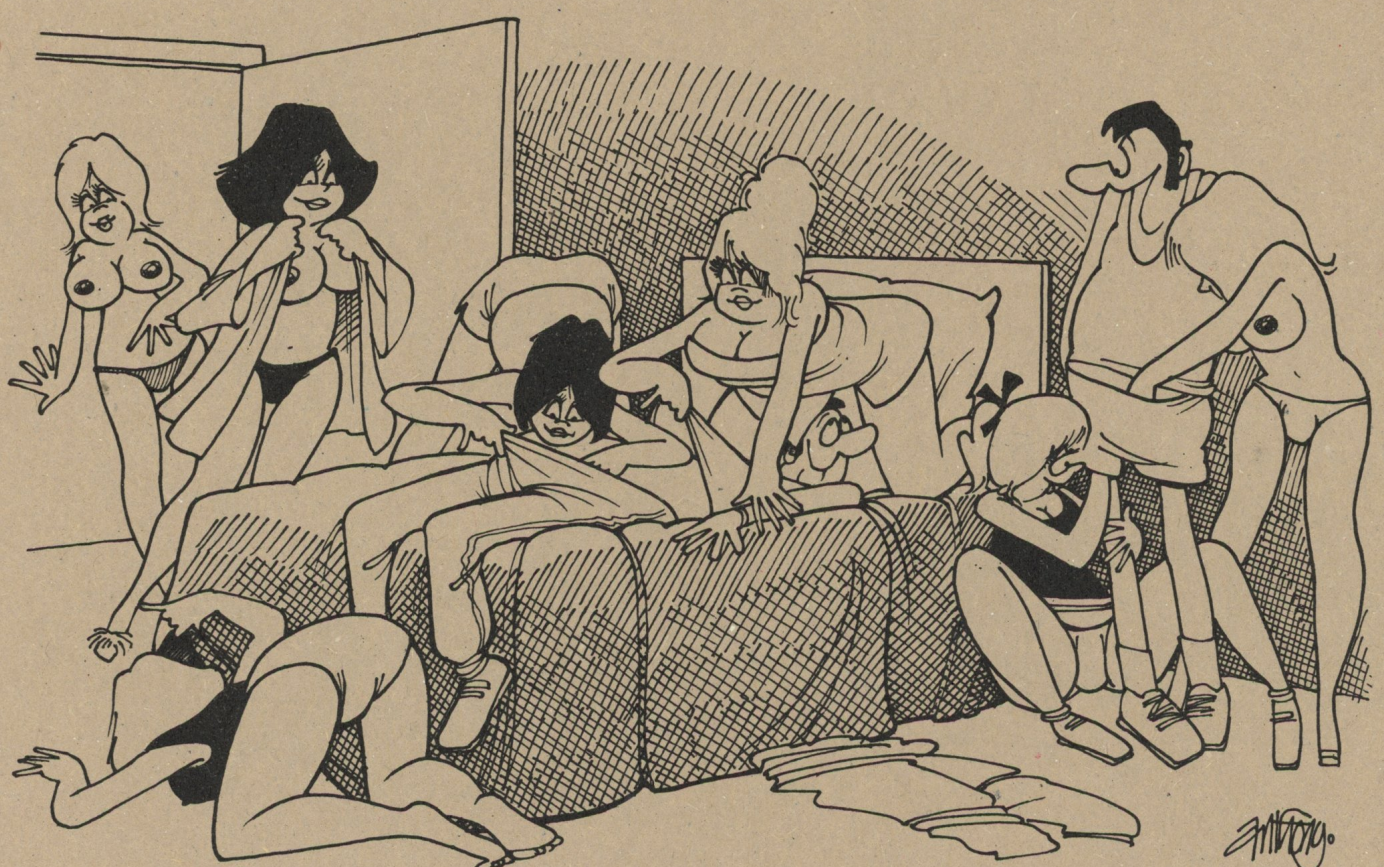
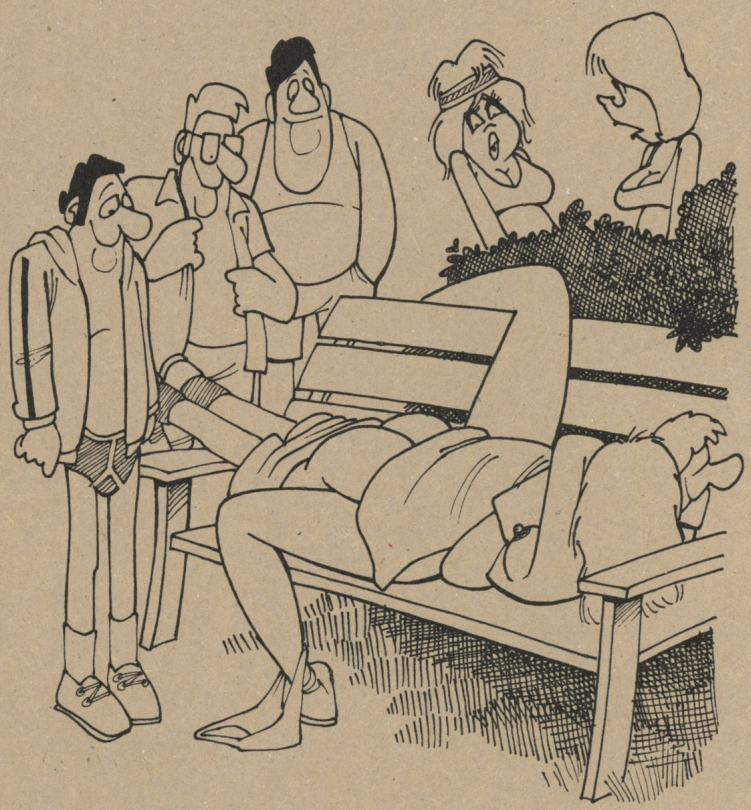


'Know what I miss? The cigarette afterwards.'



'Great idea of yours to tell them we have a bar of chocolate stashed away somewhere.'

'Miss Hardmore is here for a facial, Rodney.'



'I knew that eating so much lettuce would have its side effects.'

'It's no good, Janet, I just can't stop thinking about a long cool pint of Titterson's best bitter.'

'No thanks. I'm trying to reduce my fat intake.'

TRAVEL

Ian Marlowe

It was 2.30 pm, Platform 11, Waverley Station, Edinburgh. The royal blue carpet had been rolled out. James, a fresh cheeked young gentleman's gentleman, in black alpaca jacket and pin-striped trousers, explained. 'If you stand there, sir, just by the end of the carpet, the door of the observation car will stop in front of you, and Stephen Coupe, the train's manager, will jump out.'

The eight vintage carriages of the Great Scottish and Western Railway Company's crack train crocodiled over the points from the pass line to the platform. The plum and spilt milk livery — an amalgam of the old London North Western and Caledonian Railways — passed, drawn by a monster 2750 BR diesel. Unfortunately the observation car at the end passed too, ending up five yards further. James looked pained, and from within someone said, 'Bugger!'

Even on what for many of us will be the most expensive railway journey of our lives, things can go wrong.

The Brigadier and his lady nodded sagely. He turned and said, 'Course, it's like the Services. The more things are organised the more bloody hilarious they become!'

We boarded, and the vintage *Moet* was fluted around. Most of the 30 passengers were there for two combined rail tours lasting a total of six days, between £1,800 and £2,290 per person depending on whether they chose a state, luxury or ordinary cabin.

The three day southern tour runs across to Glasgow, and from there north and westwards past Dumbarton, Lomond and The Trossachs, to Crianlarich, Loch Etive, the Pass of Brander, and Oban. The next day it backtracks to Crianlarich, and takes the northern spur over Rannoch Moor and Glencoe, past Ben Nevis to port, and on to Fort William and Achnacarry. On the third day the northern-most point of this tour is reached. Mallaig, the terminus of the West Highland Line. Then it's across Glenfinnan Viaduct and Loch Shiel, before coasting back to Edinburgh on Saturday morning, via Perth, calling at Glamis Castle.

My trip was the northern three-day option. From Edinburgh across the farmlands to Fife and the Forth and Tay bridges to Dundee, in time for cake and tea, served from best bone china. Then eastwards and onwards to Stonehaven, Crathes Castle, Aberdeen, Keith, and the first night's 'stabling' (sleeping aboard) by the Strathisla Distillery, which we inspected after dinner. Next it was Nairn, and then we took the railway company's personal roomy motor coach to Cawdor Castle and Culloden, before the capital of the Highlands, Inverness, in time for lunch onboard (all meals are taken on the train). Soon we were rising on to magnificently bleak heather moors after Dingwall then dropping southeastwards to the Kyle of Lochalsh, and the ferry for a pre-tea trip to Skye. The following day it was Dingwall, via Achnasheen and Garve, and on up north along Scotland's east coast to Dunrobin Castle. We arrived at three in the afternoon at the Dukes of Sutherland private station to be ceremoniously piped down the drive to the castle, set in a great park overlooking the sea. Then we went south to Inverness, Aviemore, branching off on the private line belonging to the Strathspey Steam Railway Company to the Boat of Garten for our final night's stabling overlooking the Cairngorms. By the final morning there was a distinctly gloomy end of term feeling as we approached Edinburgh.

That is simply the barest outline of a trip on this private train, run for the most part on British Rail lines, and pulled on the West Highland section by steam. It is unashamedly luxurious, being more expensive to take a state cabin for the full six days than fly first class to Sydney. Money here, however, is no object. People are paying for the privilege of excellence, and being cossetted with considerable skill and panache. Every lunch and dinner is a gourmet exercise. There's Rendezvous of Seafood; a selection of turbot, halibut, oysters, sea trout and salmon, with langoustine in a fennel and apple sauce, taken with *Chardonnay* from California's Alexander Valley, after a first course of wild mushroom soup. We had *Muscat* with sorbet and ice cream; *Chateau La Tour St Bonnet, Medoc 1975,* with our fillets of Angus beef in peppercorn sauce. And who could forget the collops of lobster in coral sauce, and somewhere else along the lines, the *Chateau Confran, Medoc '76?*

Frankly, appetites deminish as the trip progresses, and the Nouvelle Cuisine is heartfeltly welcomed by the third day. 'We tried five courses when we started last May'

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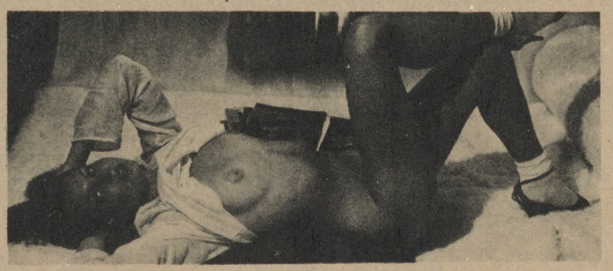

Adorable Anna James (Vol 17 No 5) is one of the girls in our five issue bargain packs. For £3.75, enjoy Vol 16 No 9, Vol 17 Nos 5 and 6 and Vol 18 Nos 5 and 6.

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KNICKERS

said Mr Coupe, 'but we found people just couldn't eat them.'

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The saloon car still bears the varnished teak of the Great Northern Railway. It was built in 1912. The large centre room was where the ladies and children travelled, with the gentlemen's smoking room next door. It also had a servants' compartment, and their call indicator is still in place over the door connecting to the central room. The observation car was built in 1891, originally as a dining car, and lit by gas, until converted to electric light in 1902. The dining car was also built in 1891 for the Euston to Manchester expresses. One of a pair, which ran permanently coupled together, this one (No 5159) had a kitchen and seating for ten passengers. In 1916, No 5159 went to war in France as part of the Earl of Haig's mobile headquarters. In 1921 it was bought by a south coast developer, and reconverted back in to a dining car with kitchen and sitting room in-between. In 1978 it was purchased by the Great Scottish and Western Railway Company, the present owners. No 5159 is now the oldest operating dining car in the world!

Memories of the trip? There are many, like standing on the stone-swept acres of Culloden, site of the last battle fought on British soil in 1745. An old stone cottage — there at the time — still stands. There are the headstones of the clans who fought and died, and red taped pathways to guide us, rather like a theatre rehearsal. At Cawdor, the Thane has written funny commentaries in notice form as we go along. Then there is the beauty of Skye — though not much 'over the sea' about it now, just a short five minute ferry ride. Crossing the harbour on Thomas Telford's nine-arch viaduct at Inverness is thrilling too, but I felt most *en rapport* with the surroundings above the tree line after Garve, when we climbed to Corriemoillie Summit and Loch Luichart. Streams, meadows, and Strath Brna; Sgurr a Mhuilinn, Loch a Chuilinn (loch of the holly trees) to our right and a salmon ladder. The Brigadier smiled approvingly.

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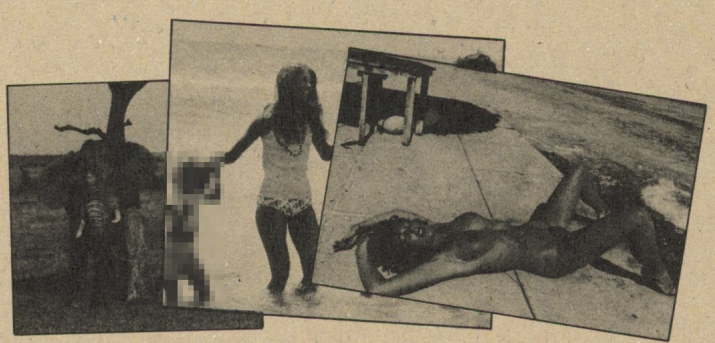

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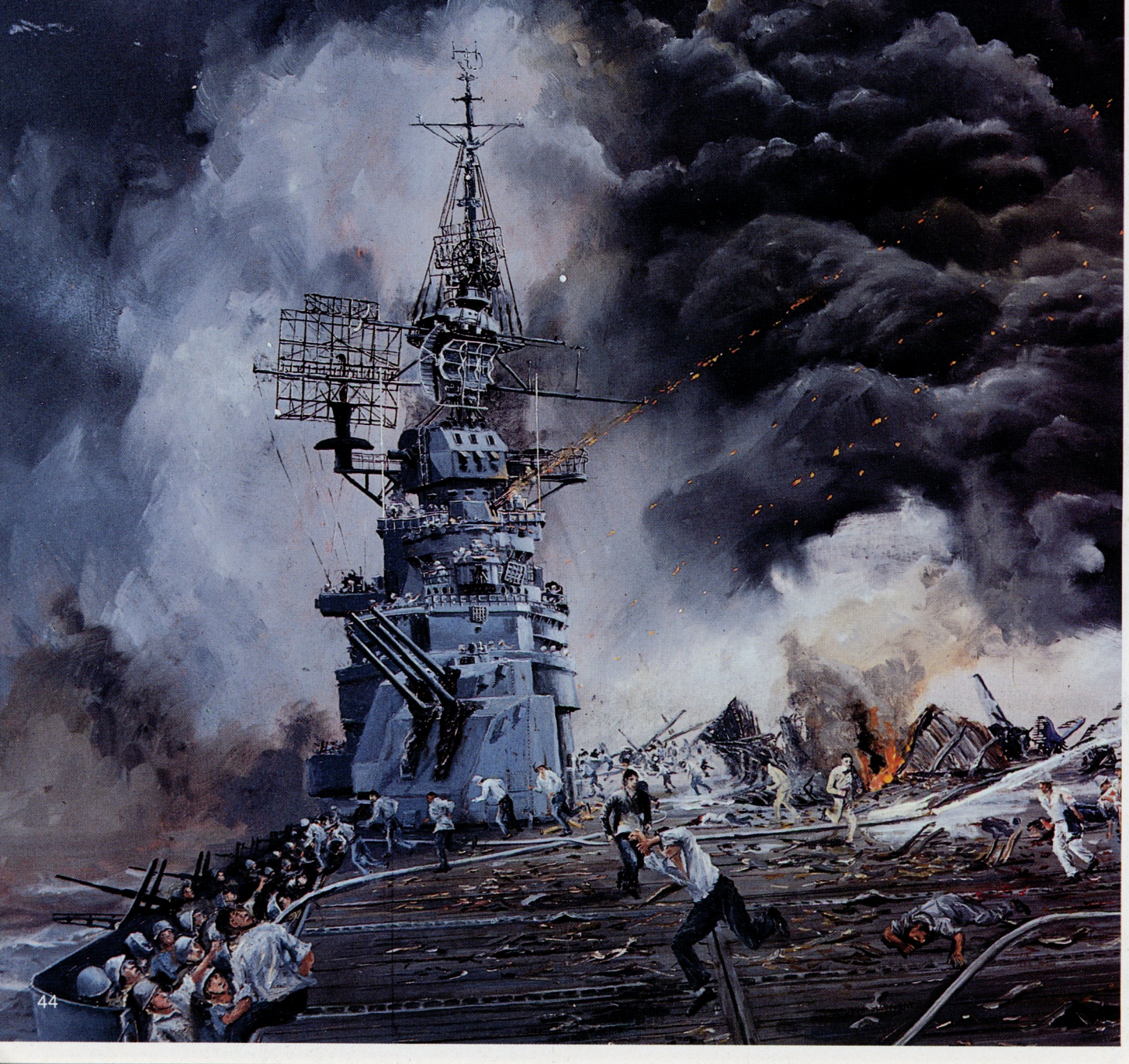
Screaming out of the sky in terrifying dives, the Jap pilots were determined to die for their Land of the Rising Sun. The brave fanatics took off with the sure knowledge they would never return, their mission to smash the bomb-laden fighters onto the decks of Allied ships.

KAMIKAZE!

Warriors of the Divine Wind

By Edwyn Gray

A stinging cloud of dried grass and sand swirled upwards like a miniature dust-storm as the five Mitsubishi A6M Zero fighters trundled across the scorched turf of Clark Field, and turned into the wind. A green flare streaked skywards from the control tower, and at exactly 0725 hours Lieutenant Yukio Seki gunned his engine to full power, and led the *Shikishima* unit of the newly formed Special Attack Corps into the air. As the drab painted machines clawed for altitude and banked into a series of long climbing turns high above the lush jungle landscape of Luzon in the Philippines the pilots were, in the words of their commander, Vice Admiral Takijiro Ohnishi, 'already gods without earthly desires'. For today was October 25, 1944. And the men of the *Shikishima* unit knew that on this date destiny had marked them down for death. After more



The Kamikaze attack on USS Bunker Hill, *in which nearly 400 American sailors died. This is one of over 170 superb paintings by John Hamilton contained in 'War at Sea 1939-1945', — a special deluxe edition, published by Blandford Press at £195. See page 8 for details.*

Another dramatic John Hamilton illustration. The kamikaze *attack on the American* New Mexico.

than 650 years the *kamikazes* — the Knights of the Divine Wind from ancient legend — were again being called upon to defend the sacred soil of Japan from the barbarian invaders.

Some three hours after take off the *Shikishima* pilots sighted the ships of the American Task Group 'Taffy 3', its crews relaxing after the rigours of the previous day's battle off Samar Island. Descending to wave-top height the five Zeros slipped under the enemy's radar defences and then, breaking formation, they climbed to 5,000 feet in readiness for the bloody onslaught that was to come.

Lieutenant Seki levelled his Zero out at combat altitude, and perhaps reflected upon an ancient proverb he had been taught at school: 'A *samurai* lives in such a way that he will always be prepared to die.' Newly married, and only 23 years old, the young naval lieutenant surely did not want to die. But like a true *samurai* he was ready to lay down his life for his Emperor if such was the royal command.

With the might of the US Navy poised off the Philippines and almost within bombing range of Japan's mainland islands, Seki would have known that the time for the ultimate sacrifice had come. Selecting his target with deliberate care, he would have fixed his eyes on one of the aircraft carriers, and thrown the bomb-laden fighter into a full-throttle dive.

The sudden attack caught the men of Rear Admiral Clifton Sprague's 'Taffy 3' by complete surprise. Without radar warning the Hellcats of the Combat Air Patrol which provided the Task Group's aerial cover had no time to intercept the raiders. And as the men hurried to their gun positions in response to the squawk of the klaxon alarms everyone from the Admiral down to the most junior enlisted man thought they were about to face a typical and routine Japanese dive-bombing attack.

But these messengers of death hurtling down from out of the sky were not conventional aircraft despite their outward appearance. No bombs would fall away as the release-gear opened. And there would be no last minute shriek from the engines as the machines pulled clear at the end of their dive. For these aircraft *were* bombs. And the pilots riding with them to certain death were the *kamikazes*. The US Navy's ten months of agony had begun!

The first Zero streaked in from starboard, its machineguns raking the defenceless decks of the *Kitkun Bay* with deadly effect. The pilot, although clearly aiming for the bridge, somehow missed it, and his machine crashed into the port catwalk before bouncing into the sea in a flurry of white spray. The impact, however, had wrenched the Zero's 500-pound bomb free from its mountings, and it exploded on the flight deck causing several fires and other structural damage to the carrier.

The other four aircraft of the *Shikishima* unit now faced a maelstrom of shells and tracer bullets as the close range guns of 'Taffy 3' converged. Two Zeros tried to crash-land on the *Fanshaw Bay* but both were shot out of the sky before reaching their target. The remaining two machines screamed towards *White Plains* but when only 500 feet above the carrier they pulled out of their dives, and swung to port hotly pursued by a barrage of 40mm cannon shells.

Separating in different directions in order to confuse the gunnery control officers, one aircraft circled and then returned to attack *White Plains* again from astern while the other Zero, piloted by Lieutenant Seki, flew in the direction of the carrier *St Lo*. *White Plains* heeled over as she swung to port under full helm, and in the final seconds her guns found their target. The *kamikaze* rolled onto its back and, missing the catwalk by bare inches, exploded in a fearsome ball of flame that scattered pieces of aircraft and bloodied strips of flesh over the flight-deck. With only 11 men wounded the carrier had enjoyed a lucky escape.

Seki's Zero, now trailing smoke and coolant from its damaged engine, regained height and began turning towards its new victim. Unsighted by the black smudges of flak bursts that scattered across the sky, half-blinded by funnel smoke, and disorientated by a succession of helm changes at battle speed, *St Lo*'s gunners found it difficult to hold the *kamikaze* steady in their sights, and only a few rounds were loosed at the Zero when it suddenly reappeared directly overhead. Undeterred by the anti-aircraft barrage, Seki judged his final dive to perfection. The bomb-laden fighter smashed right through the wooden flight-deck, and burning petrol sprayed down into the hangar-deck immediately below.

The resulting destruction almost defies description. As one man put it. 'It was like someone setting Hell on fire.' Seven torpedoes detonated, and a gigantic explosion hurled the aircraft elevators into the air, and blasted gaping holes through the flight-deck from which flames and smoke erupted. More internal explosions followed and within minutes the ship's electrical and hydraulic power systems failed. Blazing like a torch from stem to stern the carrier lurched out of control, and the heat from the raging fires was felt by men on the decks of ships several hundred yards away.

Unable to contain the fires any longer Captain MacKenna ordered his crew to abandon ship, and the 754 survivors had only just been taken off by the escort destroyers when the stricken carrier sank at 1125 hours. Lieutenant Yukio Seki had given a formidable demonstration of the power of the *kamikaze*. In exchange for the life of one single man the US Navy had lost a 7,800 ton aircraft carrier plus all 28 of the aircraft that she was carrying. As part of the macabre balance-sheet of war it represented an excellent profit.

Only three hours earlier another Special Attack Group, the *Yamato* unit, had surprised Rear Admiral Thomas Sprague's carrier group 'Taffy 1' north of Mindanao. Concealing their approach behind heavy cloud cover the Japanese achieved such complete surprise that American guns had not even opened fire when the first *kamikaze* struck the forward end of *Santee's* flight-deck, and exploded with such force that it punched a hole 30 feet by 15 feet out of the steel-backed wooden planking. Burning petrol cascaded into the hangar below and the carrier's crew desperately fought back the flames as they licked towards a store of eight 1,000-pound bombs. At that precise moment, and operating completely independently of the *kamikaze* attack, the submarine *I-56* which had been stalking the Task Group for some hours put a torpedo into the crippled carrier. It speaks volumes for the craftsmanship of *Santee's* builders that she survived.

Almost simultaneously with the shock of the first attack a second *kamikaze* emerged from the clouds and screamed down towards *Sangamon*. A 5-in shell exploding just underneath the Zero damaged its controls, and it rolled over into a spin. Seconds later a direct hit sent it plunging like a stone into a sea some 150 yards from the carrier *Suwanee*. A third *kamikaze* met a similar fate when the gunners on the *Petrof Bay* scored a bull and blew it up in mid-air.

Suwanee's guns, the paint blistering on their overheated barrels, claimed their second victim moments later. And when a third Zero was spotted at 8,000 feet her jubilant gunners succeeded in hitting that as well. Barely under control and trailing black smoke, the crippled *kamikaze* was only held on course by the superhuman efforts of its pilot, and before the gunlayers could bring their sights to bear again it dived towards the carrier at breath-taking speed. Smashing into the flight-deck close to the stern elevator it blew a 25-foot hole in it, and started a serious fire. But *Suwanee*'s crew were quickly on the spot with pressure hoses and chemical extinguishers, and what could have been a dangerous situation was soon brought under control although, sadly, a number of men had been killed by the initial explosion. The *Santee*, too, had suffered severe casualties — 16 dead and 27 wounded — but despite the damage wreaked by *I-56*'s torpedo all fires were eventually subdued, and by 1000 hours she was flying off her aircraft again.

In the course of these two raids the Special Attack

turn to page 50

A group of kamikaze volunteers. The Japanese High Command later resorted to conscription.

Kamikaze

continued from page 46

Corps had sunk one carrier and seriously damaged five others for the loss of just 11 aircraft. It was, by any standards, a satisfying victory. And on that grim October day in 1944 the ancient legend of the *kamikaze* was reborn. In the months to come a total of 4,615 suicide pilots were to dive to their deaths in defence of their motherland. It was a price few other nations would have been prepared to pay.

The popular belief that suicide attacks formed an integral part of Japanese combat strategy from the very first day of the war is factually incorrect and probably owes its origin to an incident on December 7, 1941 when Lieutenant Fusata Iida deliberately crashed his damaged Zero into an American aircraft hangar during the infamous attack on Pearl Harbor. But Iida's sacrifice was the result of a split-second personal decision and was totally spontaneous in its execution. It was not carried out under orders, and should not be classified as a *kamikaze* attack.

During the Battle of the Philippine Sea, Warrant Officer Sakio Komatsu dived his Zero at an American torpedo which was about to strike the carrier *Taiho*. Komatsu died in the resulting explosion but the carrier survived. And on May 17, 1944 an Army pilot, Major Katashigo Takata, crashed his Nakijima Ki-43 Oscar into an enemy destroyer off Biak in New Guinea. In these and many other similar suicide attacks the decision to die rested solely with the individual concerned.

By the autumn of 1944 the Japanese Navy was in a parlous state. Many of its finest ships had been sunk, and nearly all of its experienced pilots had been lost. Fuel was in desperately short supply, and the US Navy's aircraft carriers dominated the Pacific as American soldiers and marines inched closer and closer to the Japanese homeland in a series of brilliant but bloody landings. On October 15, two days before Vice Admiral Ohnishi arrived in Luzon to assume command of the 1st Air Fleet, another flag officer, Rear Admiral Masafumi Arima, made a personal decision to launch a suicide attack on an American carrier group lying off the Philippines. Wearing no insignia of rank, and declining to order his men to share in his sacrifice, Arima took the unprecedented step for an officer of his seniority of personally leading the 26th Air Flotilla into battle — no doubt hoping that his example would inspire others.

But American fighters were waiting and, vectored onto the enemy formation by radar, they pounced on the 26th Flotilla, and literally shot it out of the sky. One lone bomber, however, escaped retribution by taking refuge in a convenient cloud bank, and as the remnants of the flotilla fled from the scene of battle Admiral Arima emerged from his hiding place, and dived down on the fleet carrier *Franklin*. Although many Japanese sources credit him with hitting the ship, Arima was, in fact, shot down by anti-aircraft fire some distance from his erstwhile target, and the *Franklin* was undamaged. But news of the incident quickly circulated amongst the young and impressionable Navy pilots on the Philippines, and it was even reported by Tokyo Radio which drew attention to the fact that the Rear Admiral had found a new way of causing irreparable damage to American warships.

The significance of Arim's sacrifice was not lost on Admiral Ohnishi, and within two days of his arrival in Luzon he had initiated the concept of the Special Attack Corps. Wasting no time, he paraded 23 NCO pilots at Clark Field, and called for volunteers. Their response was immediate. Every single man stepped forward!

In August, 1281, the Mongol emperor Kublai Khan launched a massive invasion fleet against Japan. With a navy that was too weak to oppose such an overwhelming force the Japanese realised that they were completely defenceless. And, unable to fight, they offered prayers to the god-Emperor to intercede on their behalf, and prevent the barbarians from landing. Within hours a tremendous typhoon struck at the Mongol fleet, and the Great Khan lost so many ships and soldiers that he was forced to cancel his grandiose invasion plans.

Treating the typhoon as a manifestation from heaven and an answer to their prayers the Japanese named it 'The Divine Wind' or *kamikaze*. And, appropriately, this was the name given to Ohnishi's newly created Special Attack Corps. For, like the great typhoon of 1281, its members were being called upon to save the Celestial Empire from the barbarian enemy. And by bringing destruction down from the sky they were literally riding on the wings of the Divine Wind.

Far from being expert fliers, most of the *kamikaze* pilots were only partially trained. The Imperial Navy's few remaining experienced airmen were far too valuable to throw away in suicide attacks even though they pleaded with the High Command for the honour of dying alongside their less skilled comrades. A few, such as Lieutenant Seki, were assigned to lead suicide groups in mass attacks. But the majority of trained pilots were held back to fly as escorts. The volunteers wore white belted tunics with black buttons, and displayed the emblem of the Corps — a wild cherry blossom with three leaves — on their chests. When going into action each man wore a band of white cloth around his forehead — the traditional *hachimaki* of the ancient *samurai*.

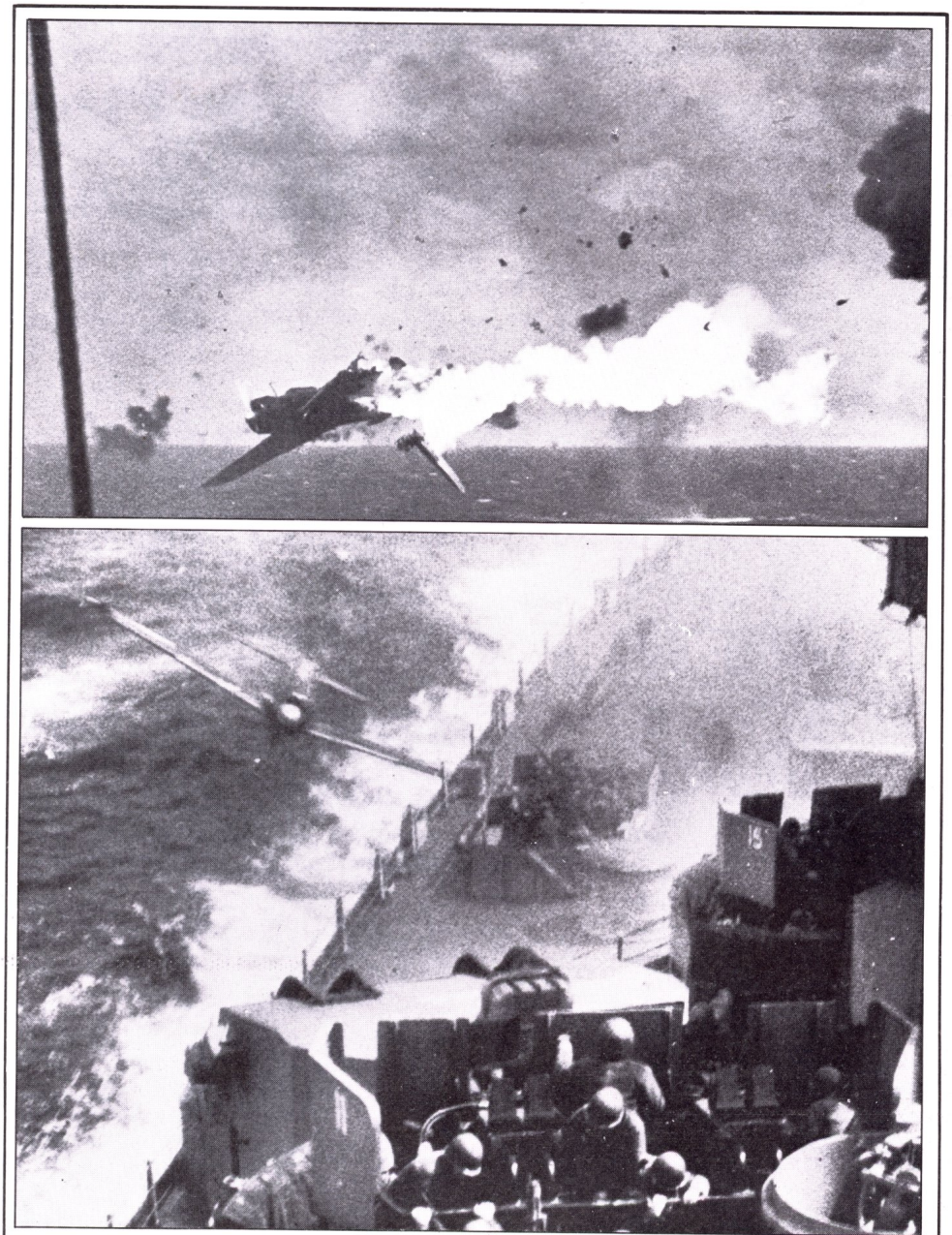
Although the initial attacks were carried out by Zero fighters armed with 550 pound bombs, the Navy soon threw every conceivable type of aircraft into the battle including obsolete floatplanes and old wooden biplanes hurriedly brought back into service from training and flying schools. And, when the pool of semi-trained aviators from which the *kamikaze* pilots were drawn was eroded by the insatiable demands of the war-lords, raw recruits — often with little more than seven days flying training to their credit — were enlisted into the Special Attack Corps, and hurled into battle. But even this source of supply was soon eliminated, and in the Spring of 1945 the High Command began to conscript men for suicide missions whether they were volunteers or not. With their backs to the wall Japan's admirals and generals had lost all sense of morality.

Nevertheless it would be a mistake to write-off the *kamikaze* pilots as unintelligent cannon-fodder — a viewpoint often taken by Allied propagandists who found it impossible to explain the subtleties of an alien culture in terms which the average Westerner could understand. In fact a high proportion of these young volunteers were university graduates or officer cadets who had no illusions about the nature of their sacrifice.

Writing to his parents soon after joining a *kamikaze* unit Petty Officer Matsuo did not try to conceal the truth: 'Please congratulate me. I have been given a splendid opportunity to die.' Another young graduate told his family: 'I shall be a shield to His Majesty, and will die cleanly'; while Cadet Nomoto proudly proclaimed: 'I will do my utmost to dive head-on against an enemy warship, and fulfil my destiny in defence of the homeland.' Many similar letters have survived.

Although the general public usually associates the *kamikazes* with air attacks, several other types of suicide units were employed in the final months of the war — notably the *kaiten* one-man torpedoes and explosive motorboats. Nor, indeed, were the Knights of the Divine Wind the sole prerogative to the Imperial Navy. The Japanese Army also had its own *kamikaze* air squadrons, and there were many well-publicised occasions when infantrymen stormed American

turn to page 70



Top: A kamikaze *attack fails as the Jap fighter is shot down in flames before reaching its target. Above: American gunners try to shoot down a* kamikaze *before it can smash into their ship.*

Kamikaze

continued from page 50

positions with explosive charges strapped to their backs! In fact, during the campaign to retain Japan's hold on the Philippine Islands, the Army lost a total of 658 pilots in the course of suicide missions in support of the Navy, and there is little doubt that both Services shared the grievous burden of the *kamikaze* weapon equally.

Most accounts of naval operations against Japan tend to concentrate on the US Navy's hard-fought struggle with the *kamikazes* while totally ignoring the Royal Navy's presence in the Pacific. But British warships were also involved in a series of fierce battles with Japanese suicide aircraft, and suffered considerable damage and casualties in the process. It was not for nothing that one disgusted historian dubbed Britain's substantial maritime contribution to the defeat of Japan as 'The Forgotten Fleet'.

It so happened that the British Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, had his own close encounter with the power of the *kamikazes* some three weeks before the British Pacific Fleet arrived in the main war zone. And he was, indeed, lucky to have escaped with his life. Fraser had flown to Leyte for an informal conference with General MacArthur and Vice Admiral Kinkaid and, when the talks were concluded, he was invited to join the American flagship *New Mexico* to watch a landing operation in the Gulf of Lingayen. On January 4, 1945, while on passage to the Gulf, suicide aircraft attacked and sank the carrier *Ommaney Bay* while it was steaming alongside the flagship. On the following day a *kamikaze* crashed into the front of the *New Mexico's* bridge killing General Lumsden — Churchill's representative on MacArthur's staff — and the flagship's captain. Fraser and Admiral Oldendorf escaped death by a hairsbreath having crossed to the rear of the bridge only moments before the attack.

The Royal Navy's initial brush with the *kamikazes* proved to be something of an anti-climax. Operation Meridian, a carrier strike against enemy controlled oil refineries on Sumatra, was launched during the early dawn of January 29, 1945, and Admiral Vian knew that some form of retaliatory attack was inevitable. Maintaining a continuous Combat Air Patrol above the Task Force, and keeping his gun crew closed-up at Action Stations throughout the morning, Admiral Vian waited patiently. Just before noon a wave of seven twin-engined 'Sally' suicide aircraft of the Army's Special Attack Corps led by Major Hitoyuki Kata was detected by radar, and the high-flying Seafires of the CAP were vectored towards them. Although the *kamikaze* pilots attempted to crash onto the *Illustrious, Indefatigable* and *King George V,* the ships' anti-aircraft batteries and the marauding Seafires kept them at bay and, in a scene reminiscent of the Battle of Britain, all seven attackers were shot down by the Fleet Air Arm's fighters without damage to the ships. In fact the only casualties suffered were self-inflicted when two shells from the cruiser *Euryalus* struck the island and flight-deck of *Indefatigable,* killing 12 of the crew and wounding a further 33.

The first truly gladiatorial encounter between the British lion and the Japanese dragon came early in the morning of April 1, 1945, during a raid by 15 enemy aircraft off Okinawa. Diving down towards the *King George V,* one of the Zekes machinegunned the battleship, and then feinted towards the *Indefatigable.* There was a tremendous explosion followed by a fireball of flame as the *kamikaze* smashed into the base of the carrier's island superstructure and detonated its 500-pound bomb killing eight men. Damage control parties extinguished the fire within four minutes and cleared the smouldering debris so rapidly that only 38 minutes later the first of the CAP Seafires was able to land-on for refuelling. It was a striking demonstration of British fighting efficiency. As the USN liaison officer on the *Indefatigable* was moved to admit: 'When a Yankee flat-top was hit it was a matter of six months in harbour for repairs. But for a Limey carrier it was simply a case of ''Sweepers, man the brooms!'' '

More attacks followed throughout the day, and late that afternoon a solitary Zeke targeted the *Victorious.* Leapfrogging over the destroyer screen, the Japanese pilot came in from astern and, ignoring the barrage of flak that was being hurled at him, lined up as if preparing to make a deck landing. But Captain Denny's skill with the helm spoilt his aim and, clipping its wing on the port edge of the upper deck, the fighter cart-wheeled into the sea where its bomb exploded underwater some 80 feet from the carrier's side, throwing 'tons of water, a quantity of petrol, and many fragments of the aircraft and pilot' over the flight deck.

On May 4, while engaged in 'Operation Iceberg Two', the British Pacific Fleet, now downgraded to Task Force 57, found itself under attack by *kamikazes* once again. Coming in at low level to avoid radar detection the suicide aircraft betrayed little warning of their deadly approach. Nevertheless the leading Zeke was met by a concentrated barrage from the *Formidable.* But although hit repeatedly by close-range weapons the pilot did not deviate one inch from his chosen course and, releasing his bomb at the very last moment, he crashed his machine into the flight deck close to the island.

The scene on the flight deck was a ghastly shambles of wreckage, burning petrol, and mutilated bodies. Eight men lay dead with a further 47 wounded, and the 11 aircraft huddled together in the deck park had been smashed beyond repair. But the *Formidable* was not prepared to give best to the Japs, and an incredible five and a half hours later the gaping

turn to page 72

Kamikaze

continued from page 70

holes in the scarred and blackened deck had been filled with concrete, and the wreckage sufficiently cleared for her 13 Corsairs to be landed and struck down to the hangars.

Only three minutes after *Formidable*'s traumatic experience another Zeke crashed down onto the *Indomitable*, belly-flopped on the flight-deck at a speed of more than 200 miles per hour, and skidded over the side like a duck trying to land on a frozen lake. A second Zeke tried to emulate the success of his squadron-mate but was hit by the guns of the destroyer *Quality*, and splashed into the sea only ten yards from the carrier's bows. And to round off a very satisfactory day the last two Zekes were shot out of the sky by the Seafires of the Combat Air Patrol before they could do any mischief.

Further attacks were launched on May 9 with the *kamikazes* concentrating their venom on the fleet carrier *Victorious*. Losing one aircraft to the standing patrol of Seafires, the rest of the group climbed to 3,000 feet and, at 1650, the first Zeke swooped down on its target. But Captain Denny once again proved too quick for his opponent. Disconcerted by the carrier's sharp change of course the *kamikaze* pilot found himself on *Victorious*'s beam and not, as he intended, astern. Pushing the throttle wide-open he tried to regain height for a second approach but his wheels grazed the flight-deck, and his undercarriage disintegrated. Collapsing onto its belly the Zeke slid into a 4.5-inch gun turret, exploded, smashed a hole in the armoured deck, and started a small fire.

Just six minutes later another Zeke approached from astern. Hit time and time again by the carrier's close-range weapons the aircraft struck the edge of the flight-deck aft of the island, and toppled over the edge in a mass of flames after demolishing a 40mm director position, and wiping-out four Corsairs standing in the aircraft park. Moments later a third Zeke came in but the carrier's guns persuaded the pilot to change his mind, and he banked away towards the battleship *Howe*. The alteration of target proved fatal. Hit repeatedly the Zeke staggered over the battlewagon's quarter-deck, and finally crashed harmlessly into the sea.

The *kamikazes*, 'were very frightening and seemed almost unstoppable,' an eye-witness on board *Victorious* admitted after the battle. 'You could hit them with gunfire time and time again but still they came on. Perhaps the most frightening of all was the nasty feeling that he was actually aiming at you personally.'

Formidable, too, was heavily damaged in the course of this particular attack when at 1705 a Zeke crashed into her after deck-park destroying six Corsairs and an Avenger in the explosion and fire that followed. But there was worse to come when burning petrol ran down through a hole left by a rivet dislodged by the impact, and started a hangar fire. The ship's sprinkler system quickly extinguished the flames but the water seriously damaged a further 11 aircraft which had been struck down to the hangar for routine servicing. By the time the smouldering mess had been cleared up *Formidable* had only 15 Corsairs and Avengers left in operational condition out of a total establishment of 54 aircraft.

There is little doubt that the Royal Navy had the measure of the *kamikazes* thanks to the 3 inch armoured flight-decks of her Fleet carriers plus the seamanship of her captains, the skill of her pilots and the battle efficiency of her gun crews. And it is not without significance that the new generation of American carriers incorporated the British armoured flight-deck into their design.

The battle of Okinawa — the strategic keystone to the ultimate invasion of Japan itself — opened on April 1, 1945. It proved to be the savage climax of the *kamikaze* campaign, and resulted in the loss of 36 American warships with a further 368 damaged, some so seriously that they were never repaired. Ashore, and fighting from foxhole to foxhole against an enemy who refused to yeild an inch of territory, the US Army and Marine Corps lost upwards of 7,600 men. But the ferocious battle that lasted until the second day of July cost the Japanese an incredible 172,000 dead — and that did not include Navy personnel killed in the sea and air battles that raged around the beleagured island. In the light of such horrendous figures the value and achievements of the *kamikaze* units is readily apparent.

The Okinawa campaign also saw the introduction of a new suicide weapon — the *OKa-4*. This tiny single-seat monoplane, just 15 feet in length, and designed by Captain Niki, was literally a flying bomb. Powered by four rockets, and capable of 600 miles per hour with a ten minute flight duration, these fearsome piloted missiles were carried under the belly of the Mitsubishi G4M 'Betty' twin-engined bomber, and only released close to the intended target. A total of 800 machines were built but, fortunately, only 56 actually saw service — one successfully striking and sinking the US destroyer *Mannert L. Abele* on April 12.

On the previous day Admiral Mitscher's flagship, the Fleet Carrier *Bunker Hill*, had come under fierce attack by *kamikaze* units of the Special Attack Corps. A Zero crashed into a group of aircraft parked on the flight-deck, and set them on fire before it cartwheeled over the side of the ship into the sea. The Zero's 500-pound bomb broke loose with the shock of the initial impact and, penetrating the wooden flight-deck, it exploded in the hangar-deck below — its razor-edged splinters scything through the mechanics and fitters working on the planes that had been sent down for servicing and repair. Minutes later a 'Judy' dive-bomber plunged down in a vertical dive and cut through the vulnerable flight-deck at the base of the island superstructure before exploding deep inside the carrier. Searing flames and choking fumes spread throughout the 27,100 ton vessel, and an enormous pyre of black smoke funnelled skywards. By a miracle the shattered carrier survived the attack. But the two *kamikaze* pilots had exacted a terrible price. For as Mitscher transferred his flag to the *Enterprise*, 392 of the *Bunker Hill*'s crew lay dead with a further 264 wounded.

But despite the appalling casualties inflicted on the US Navy at Okinawa the Special Attack Corps was rapidly becoming a wasting asset. The initial wave of volunteers had died the death of the *samurai* warriors they emulated and, by now, their successors had also perished. The High Command was left with virtually no aircraft capable of flying and no leaders around which to form new units. For as one American admiral shrewdly observed: there was no such thing as an experienced *kamikaze* pilot.

In many ways the *kamikaze* concept played a direct part in the ultimate defeat of Japan. The United States Strategic Bombing Survey released after the war admitted that if the suicide attacks had been carried out 'in greater power and concentration they might have been able to cause us to withdraw or revise our strategic plans'. Public and professionals alike were appalled by the terrible losses inflicted by the *kamikazes* in the Philippines, and off Okinawa and everyone from the President downwards lived in fear of the horrendous casualties that would follow in the wake of Operation Olympic — the invasion of the Japanese mainland island of Kyushu scheduled for November 1945. And it was this fear that persuaded the President and his advisers to speed development of the atomic bomb in a final attempt to save American lives.

The last successful *kamikaze* attack took place on July 28, 1945 when the destroyer *Callaghan* was sunk north-east of Formosa. Nine days later the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, and its awesome blast reduced the Divine Wind of the *kamikaze* to an ineffectual breeze.

In the aftermath of Japan's surrender Vice Admiral Ohnishi, the man who had created the Special Attack Corps, committed *seppuku* — the ritual act of suicide in which the stomach is slit open with a special knife. Failing to kill himself outright, and refusing medical assistance, Ohnishi lingered in agony for twelve hours in an act of atonement to his *kamikaze* pilots for failing to reward their sacrifices with victory. And before he died he composed a traditional 17 syllable poem which, with prophetic insight, foresaw the rebirth of modern industrial Japan out of the bitter ashes of defeat:

Refreshingly,
After the violent storm,
The moon rose radiant.

It was a fitting epitaph for the 4,615 *kamikaze* pilots who had died in vain.

'Look, Hooper, I don't want you running in here every five years asking for a rise!'

Large picture right and above: Peter Bremner's Marcos Mantis. Introduced in 1970, the Mantis had a 2½-litre six-cylinder engine. Two smaller pictures, left: A Marcos 3-litre. This model was made between 1970 and 1972, and had a top speed of 130 mph. Right: The Mini Marcos, based on a Mini chassis, this popular Marcos came with an 850cc or 1,300cc engine. Top left: An example of the Marcos 1600 with a wooden chassis. This one was made in 1969, and is owned by John Brookes.

In 1959, car parts manufacturer Jem Marsh and engineer Frank Costin got together to build the Marcos, a sports car equally at home on road or racetrack. Its aerodynamic, lightweight structure — at one time wooden — made it fast and eyecatching, which it remains today...

MACHO MARCOS

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Ed Alexander

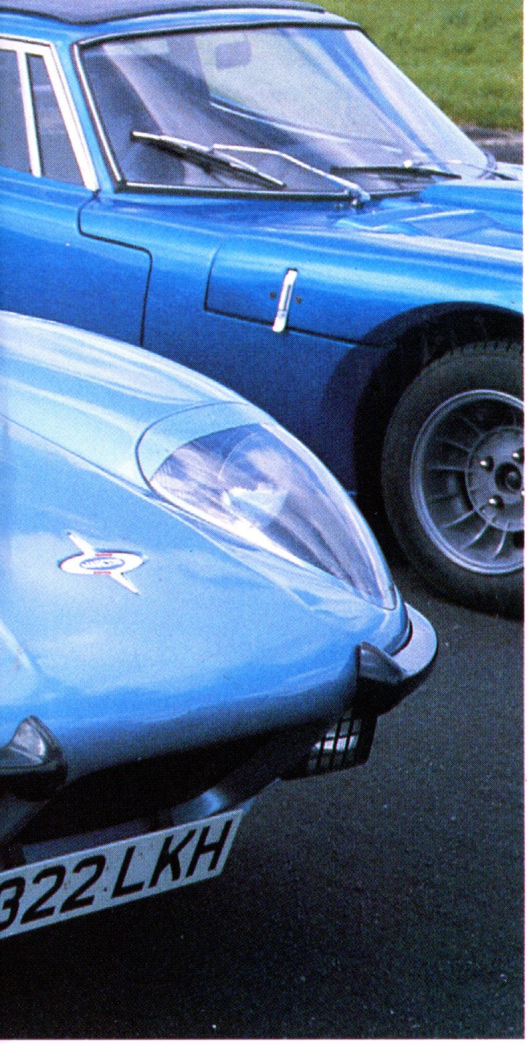
The Marcos is remembered by most motoring enthusiasts as Jem Marsh's 'Wooden Wonder', although these days it has a more conventional steel chassis with a fibreglass body. But the shape of this highly individual sporting Marcos is virtually unchanged, and is one that never fails to impress.

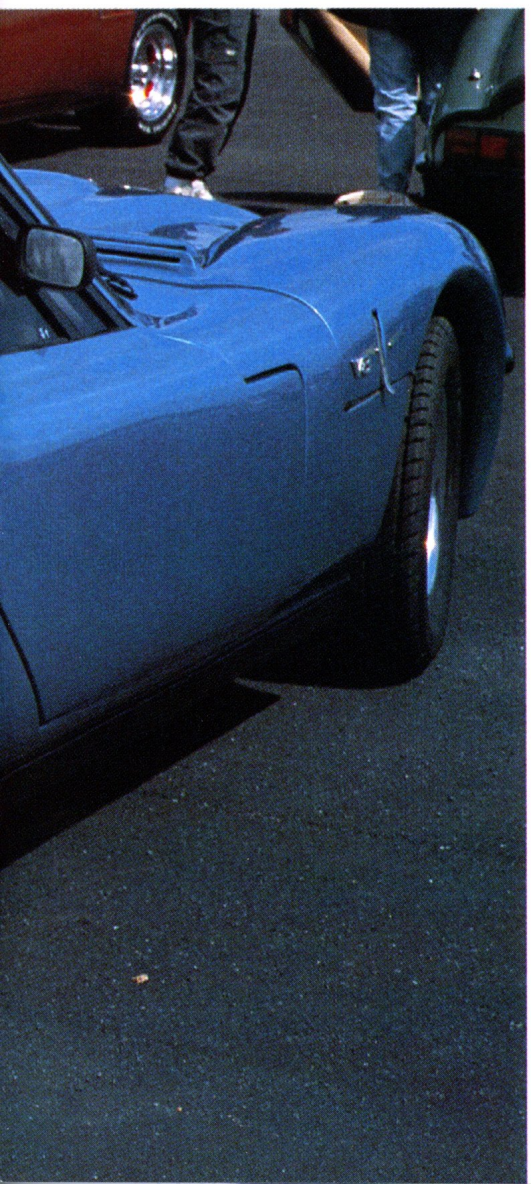
The name Marcos is derived from a combination of Jem Marsh and Frank Costin. Frank was essentially an engineer, who had gained experience of aircraft at GA, Airspeed, Supermarine, Percival, Folland and so on. His early experience of ground projectiles came when he toiled for Colin Chapman at Lotus, on the racing side. It was Frank Costin who also evolved the aerodynamic bodies used by Vanwall, (millionaire Tony Vandervell's racing team) when Stirling Moss and Tony Brooks were racing for it. Jem Marsh was far more commercially minded, and the two men made the perfect combination to produce the first Marcos, a sports car intended for the road as well as for the race circuits. That was back in 1959/60 and the car was aimed at the 1,000 cc class and, in fact,

MARCOS
V8
MANTULA
Q322 LKH

did very well in such racing, in the hands of racing driver Bill Moss.

The quite revolutionary and startling thing was that the little Marcos was made up of wood — just ordinary WPB plywood that could be bought at any hardware shop. It was good material, as it happened, light, strong, and most important of all, easy to obtain. But this hardly does justice to the skill of Frank Costin, who had discovered how to use plywood in this fashion during his aircraft days, which was why Colin Chapman employed him, recognising that he was a first-class aerodynamics expert. Meanwhile Jem Marsh had been selling parts for 'hot' Austin Sevens, his Speedex items, such as £49 body shell, alloy wheels, and other goodies enabling



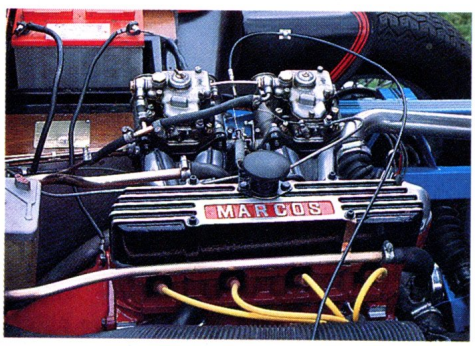


Two large pictures left: An example of Marcos's current model, the Mantula. This £15,000 — plus car contains a Rover 3½-litre V8 engine. An open-topped version is now available, called the Spyder. Above: A Marcos 3-litre built in 1971, containing a Ford V6 power pack producing 60 mph in under seven seconds. Above that is another 3-litre, this time with a Volvo engine. Top right: An earlier 3-litre with a Ford V6. This particular model is the possession of Steven Croft.

an exciting looking Special to be built round a discarded chassis.

The Marcos sports job set them both off as a car manufacturers. At first the concept was very ugly, something they tried to improve a shade by fitting a glassfibre nose. Frank left Jem soon after it went into production, but drivers such as Derek Bell, Jackie Oliver and Jackie Stewart did well with the cars in races, powered by the reliable Ford 105E engine. Indeed Jem has the ex-Stewart car, which he races successfully.

The next move was made when Dennis Adams designed the low, gull-wing door coupé, which he followed with a fastback version. Some 43 were sold, but it was the 1800 cc Volvo-powered Marcos coupé, unveiled at the 1963 Racing Car Show, that is remembered as the true 'Marcos shape', and which persists to this day. This



Large picture right and above: Another example of the Rover V8-engined Mantula, this one belonging to Robert Baines. Two small pictures, left: The sumptuous interior of the Marcos Mantula, and, right, a close-up of one of the earliest engines to be used in the Marcos, the Ford 1600. Top left: A Marcos 3-litre with Ford V6 engine. Top right: The same model but a different car. Another 3-litre with a Ford V6 engine, this one from 1971. Pictures taken at a Castle Ashby Marcos CC meet and Silverstone.

BYB 99J

MEV

Adams-styled Marsh production looked like a very fast, exotic Continental road-burner, and being constructed of wood added very much to its individuality. Be that as it may, perhaps the 'Wooden Wonder' lacked sufficient performance at first, because sales were slow — about one a week in 1964 at a price of £1,500. This in spite of the fact that making the non-ferrous body involved messing about with some 350 different pieces of wood!

In 1964 sales improved. More urge was forthcoming with the Volvo power being replaced by Ford engines. The advent of the cross-flow Ford 1,600 cc engine was a blessing for Marcos, and when it became possible to drop in (the popular journalist's term for some hard engineering graft!) the Ford V6 3-litre power pack, the Marcos was good for some 130 mph and a 0-60 mph time of less than seven seconds. Sales increased to seven a week.

There had been another Marcos link at the 1963 Racing Car Show. Paul Emery had shown his glassfibre coupé on a Mini floorpan and subframes. This led to Jem Marsh building for Addicott, in conjunction with Falcon shells, a similar concept with a monocoque body. When that project failed at first to get into production. Jem turned it to his advantage, by manufacturing the famous Mini-Marcos, a kit-car also based on Mini Minor components. They still proudly remember that a Mini-Marcos, built up by two French chaps, was the first British car to finish in the 1966 Le Mans 24-hour race, even it it was 15th and the last car home. Jem seems to have regarded the tiny Mini-Marcos as just a sideline, and he sold out in the 1970s to Harold Davidson. But something like 1,300 or more were built up, and the idea lives on in the modern Midas, a fabulous little beast.

After 1969 the wooden construction was abandoned by Marcos for the less costly and more easily manipulated steel chassis frame, and fibreglass bodywork. In 1970 a new venture was the futuristic-looking four-seater Marcos Mantis two-door coupé, using a Triumph TR6 engine. Marcos fans loved it, and 33 were made before the company folded the following year. Rob Walker bought the assets but Jem Marsh kept in touch, and later revived the company, after sending out a single press release aimed at staunch Marcos followers. In the meantime he had sold Marcos spares, run a garage, and made things in glassfibre, some of them quite unusual. Having started in Wales, and made the 'Wooden Wonder' at Bradford-on-Avon, Jem Marsh now runs his Performance Sports Cars business in a factory based in Westbury, Wiltshire. The present Marcos is the Mantula 3.5. It has all the low-hung, sleek appeal of the old wooden jobs, and someone has called it a 'bird-puller' second only to the E-type Jaguar. But it has more than looks. By installing a Rover light-alloy vee-eight-cylinder engine, Jem had upped the top speed of the former Ford V6-powered version by more than five mph under favourable conditions, and has cut the 0-60 mph acceleration time by about one second. The idea is still that of a kit-car, which enthusiasts can build around used Rover components if they have the skills.

This Mantula retains much of the Marcos logic and 'unusualness'. For example, you don't adjust the *seats*. Instead, you move the pedals towards you. This enables very tall, even abnormally tall, dicers to drive comfortably. I have not driven this 1980s Marcos but I understand from those who have that its road manners, in respect of cornering fast, stopping quickly and steering accurately are of a very high order. Couple this with better than 20 mpg and that sensational appearance, and the £15,000-plus Marcos Mantula 3.5 is an alluring proposition. You would not expect to take much luggage with you but you can be sure of attracting a lot of attention, and grabbing the more adventurous girls with this unique motor-car. Jem Marsh's own Mantula has the carburetted Rover vee-eight engine and favours Avon Turbospeed tyres, but he offers engine options embracing 2-litre and 2.8 litre Ford V6 power (these models are known as just Marcoses) or the fuel-injection version of the 3½-litre Rover engine. Leather upholstery, electric windows, and the typical top-GT interior with wide transmission tunnel, small steering wheel and stubby gear lever add to the Marcos's seductiveness. And Jem claims that this coupé is almost entirely made from British components. The old wooden monocoque Marcos will be lamented by historians. There was nothing wrong with this method of construction, as those who recall the DH Comet racing monoplanes and the marvellous wartime Mosquitoes should appreciate. For a manufacturer who could not run to extremely expensive body presses it was an ideal ploy, especially when you think of the havoc salted roads cause to steel and how aluminium panels or some fibreglass shells are apt to split under impact. It is simply that steel and glassfibre were found to be more practical, and the good thing is that the Marcos is available again, and still looks like the Adams-styled car so many loved in the 1960s.

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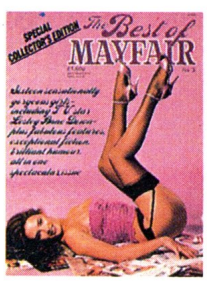

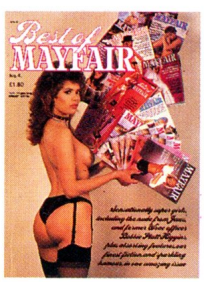

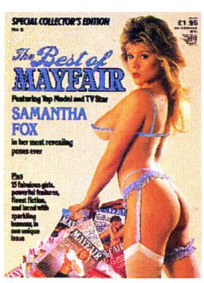

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'So you think I'm not a real blonde? Put your fivers on the bar, gentlemen!'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Eighteen

Once ladies set knights in shining armour tasks of derring-do to test their worth as mates. Quest finds that some modern women like to do the same, though their tests are usually much more sexual in nature.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

MARKET RESEARCHER, 27 years old, brunette, town of origin Broadstairs

This interviewee became involved in her current occupation through secretarial work. She now works for a Midlands consultancy and shares a flat with another girl.

Quest: Do you generally trust men?

Researcher: I'm sometimes tempted to remember what my mother said.

Quest: What was that?

Researcher: She thought men were like dinosaurs — you know, with a brain at either end. Except men have their second brain between their legs. You can't really blame her. Her husband ran off with his twenty-two-year-old secretary when I was twelve.

Quest: Did that make a big impression on you?

Researcher: I'm sure it made my love life very difficult for a long time. You can't have a proper relationship if you're convinced all men are rats.

Quest: How actually was your love life difficult?

Researcher: If a relationship was going well I had this urge to test it. And I usually wasn't satisfied until it broke up, because that proved the man wasn't reliable. The nicer the boyfriend was the nastier I was to goad him into blowing up. I didn't know I was doing it most of the time. I just thought I had this nasty streak which turned me into a right little cow every now and then.

Quest: How did you become aware?

Researcher: Mainly through Daniel. I was really awful to him.

Quest: What did you do that was so bad?

Researcher: I made love to his best friend — no, it wasn't even that, I had sex with him. I didn't really want to. I didn't even like him that much. It was done purely to upset Daniel.

Quest: If you felt so bad about it, couldn't you have kept it to yourself?

Researcher: Oh but I didn't just do it — I did it in front of Daniel. He was in the same room, and I deliberately excited his friend until it happened.

Quest: When did this happen?

Researcher: When I was twenty one. Daniel and I worked in the same office. He was twenty five, quite good-looking in a dark, Welsh way — a lot of the girls were after him. But he was a bit quiet, quite shy, I think. I only got to know him after I'd left. It was at a party given by one of the girls I'd worked with.

Quest: Who approached whom?

Researcher: He rescued me in a way. It was one

of the typical messes I used to get into then. I was going out with a man called Keith. He was a New Zealander, very much the blonde giant rugger bugger. I always felt a bit guilty about him.

Quest: Why?

Researcher: Because it was such a totally physical relationship. I don't see any harm in a one-off fling on that basis. But it's a bit naughty when it goes on for months. My only clear memory of him is how big he was.

Quest: Do you mean the size of his penis?

Researcher: Yes! I know it isn't supposed to matter, but it was the biggest I've ever seen. The first time I went to bed with him I ended up licking him and making him finish — out of pure funk! But it sort of cemented the relationship. Apparently his only serious girlfriend before me thought oral sex was dirty. So it became a special thing with us. Whenever we had a row, doing that to him was my sign that peace was declared.

Quest: But things went wrong with Keith?

Researcher: He started getting closer to me, so I backed away. I went out with other people. Then we had a spate of rows at parties where he always said I dumped him, and chatted up the most attractive men. Which was true, more or less. At the party I met Daniel we had a flaming row in one of the rooms upstairs, and it ended with Keith insisting that I take him out and suck him there and then. He just wanted to make things right again, but I chose to see it as his way of forcing himself on me. As a battle of wills. But we were really struggling when Daniel walked in. It must have looked terrible, especially when I threw myself at Daniel and told him to keep Keith away. So that was the end of Keith.

Quest: Were you and Daniel lovers straight away?

Researcher: No. We went out a few times, in a casual way — often in a foursome with his friend John and his girlfriend. I even wondered if I'd end up with John.

Quest: Did you find him attractive?

Researcher: He was attractive — the complete opposite of Daniel, though, very loud, outgoing, good company — and a bit dangerous. Several times we saw him with different girls from his girlfriend. He was obviously quite untrustworthy.

Quest: And that appealed to you?

Researcher: Yes, in a perverse way, because he didn't try to hide it.

Quest: Did he make a pass at you?

Researcher: Once, early on, at a party. I don't know how serious he was. I'd just got going with Daniel anyway.

Quest: But that went wrong too?

Researcher: Not for quite a while. Daniel was such a considerate lover, very easy to get on with. I wasn't aware how much I cared until he wanted me to move in with him.

Quest: You didn't want to?

Researcher: In itself it was a lovely idea. But the thought of where it might lead really made me uptight. If I'd been honest I'd have broken off with him then.

Quest: What did you do?

Researcher: I went out with a couple of other people — only odd dates, but one was John. I only met him for a quick drink after work but we ended up having dinner. We had a kiss and a cuddle in his car outside my place, and he made it obvious he wanted more, but I declined.

Quest: Did you tell Daniel?

Researcher: I didn't say John had made a pass, but I told him the rest.

Quest: Were you trying to make him jealous?

Researcher: I was pushing him, yes, but it didn't make much difference! The most he'd do was make small, carping remarks, which I didn't like about him. But he wouldn't explode or row. And I suppose that just made me worse.

Quest: When did you have sex with John?

Researcher: It all came to a head when the three of us went to a party. Things were quite frosty between Daniel and I. John had just broken up with his main girlfriend, and he was a bit down so Daniel and I tried to cheer him up — mainly with drink. We seemed to have lots without any effect — until we got outside. We were beginning

> 'I just wanted a response from Daniel. And the longer he took to react, the more reckless John and I were'

to reel. No one could drive in that state, but John's place was near so we lurched off there, arm in arm.

Quest: Had you been there before?

Researcher: No. John always called it a poky bedsit. It was small, but very cosy. He'd obviously designed it as an aid to seduction. There was only one tiny sofa to sit on, or this massive divan, which was in fact a small double bed. All three of us collapsed in a heap on the bed, giggling and exhausted. Then John persuaded Daniel to make coffee, so he rolled off into the kitchen. John and I were left curled up together, much too tired to move, or at least I was.

Quest: How were you curled?

Researcher: I was lying with my head against his lap, which is how I noticed the effect I was having.

Quest: What do you mean?

Researcher: John started to get an erection. It happened quite slowly. I wasn't really aware what it was, before he went, 'Oh God, Jules, (name changed) you've given me the bonk!'

Quest: How did you respond?

Researcher: I laughed and told him not to be disgusting. Then Daniel came in with the coffees and John repeated it. Daniel virtually yawned. 'He probably wants to pee,' he said. 'Anyway you know what he's like with anything vaguely female around.' I was really quite shocked. It was such a bitchy thing to say. Even John laughed. But Daniel just slumped onto the sofa and shut his eyes. I'm sure if he hadn't made me angry nothing would have happened, but it gave me an excuse. I just saw red.

Quest: What did you do?

Researcher: I squirmed up against John who obviously didn't know what was going on. But he was even drunker than I was, and having a girl press herself against him was fine by him.

Quest: Did you want him to make love to you?

Researcher: I just wanted a reaction from Daniel. And the longer he did nothing the more reckless I became. I kissed John again and he responded — I had the feeling he still thought it was a joke and he was just grabbing the opportunity to slip his tongue into my mouth. But then he slid his hand up onto my breast — as if he expected me to push him away — but I didn't. So he started fondling me through my sweater and my bra, and when I just pushed harder against him, he reached down and eased his hand under my sweater and started undoing my bra catch.

Quest: Weren't you aware you were playing with fire?

Researcher: I only remember feeling a kind of triumph when John actually touched my breast — as if Daniel could't ignore *that.* Then John began to stroke me and I suppose it finally dawned on me I was feeling things I shouldn't — especially when he suddenly bent down and I felt him lick and kiss my nipples.

Quest: Did you object?

Researcher: I pushed myself up and saw Daniel had slumped even further down the sofa. As far as I could see he hadn't even noticed what we were doing! *Then* I started to get panicky. I told John to stop,it wasn't right because of Daniel. John said, 'Don't be silly — he's flat out' and he didn't stop stroking my breasts. Then he pushed me back or pulled me down — I know I went backwards — and in the same moment he seemed to dive down, push up my skirt and yank down the front of my knickers. I remember gasping in shock — and then stopping dead — because I suddenly felt the most delicious liquid sensation between my legs.

Quest: John licked you?

Researcher: He did things with his tongue no one else had ever done to me. My heart just stopped. It felt as if my pussy was blossoming, just swelling and opening up. And then he reached my clitoris and I nearly died. I've never felt so helpless and confused and so open in a sexual way. Then I seemed to snap awake again and realise what was really happening. But by then John was sliding over me and reaching down between my legs, whispering that he wanted me so much right *now.* I remember thinking, I've still got my knickers on — he can't get in me. But he still managed to sink down between my legs — I found out afterwards my pants had ripped. Then I felt his erection bump against the inside of my thigh. I was hissing at him, 'Don't — please don't — we mustn't — oh God — just make it quick — !'

Quest: Did you climax?

Researcher: I remember being in a complete emotional turmoil. I wanted him at that moment or I couldn't have let it happen, drunk or not, I'm sure. But I wanted him to finish quickly too so the whole awful situation would be over.

Quest: Did he finish quickly?
Researcher: No! He just went on humping and humping, pushing really deep and grinding himself against my clitoris, so in the end I couldn't help responding. Of course at the very moment my climax started and I couldn't stop myself gasping and moaning I caught sight of Daniel. We'd obviously woken him up.
Quest: What did he do?
Researcher: He just walked out.
Quest: Did you see him again?
Researcher: I wrote. I didn't dare face him. He didn't reply. I can't blame him.
Quest: So a sad ending?
Researcher: Yes, but it gave me the kind of shock I needed. I wouldn't have been any good to anyone as I was.
Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

BUILDING CONTRACTOR, 29 years old, town of origin Maidstone

This — male — interviewee trained as a quantity surveyor before setting up a building partnership, specialising mainly in home extensions. He is married with two young children.

Quest: Are you aware of women ever putting you to test?
Contractor: Yes, but not as obviously as when I was younger. I remember getting into several punch-ups when I was a teenager defending girlfriends who insisted they'd been insulted.
Quest: So you see it as a youthful thing?
Contractor: It's most noticeable then. I think it becomes more subtle as people grow older, because the whole point of getting off with a woman is convincing her you're the right guy for her, isn't it? The problem, of course, is knowing what the test is.
Quest: How do you mean?
Contractor: Before I was married I had a wild afternoon with a woman I met when I quoted for a job she wanted. She was about thirty, married, very well off — hubby spent all his time selling widgets to the Arabs. There were no kids — and she was obviously bored out of her skull. It was a waste because she was very tasty — she'd been an air hostess. I had the feeling we were hitting it off more than we should, and then she invited me back a couple of afternoons later, supposedly to clarify things — except there wasn't anything to clarify.
Quest: It was a sexual invitation?
Contractor: I lived in hope. I turned up, we had drinks, then she suggested I share some lunch with her and over the microwave it was suddenly a nice, lingering kiss. To cut a long story short we ended up in the marital bedroom upstairs.
Quest: You had intercourse?
Contractor: Within seconds of getting my Y-fronts down, virtually over the end of the bed. She had a lovely body and there was no messing about, which is the great virtue of screwing married women, of course. They know exactly what they want, and I thought I was providing it.
Quest: Only 'thought'?
Contractor: Yes — especially after I'd climaxed. She went straight down on me. I thought I'd hit some kind of erotic gold mine. I should add she's the *only* client I've ever got off with. And she did marvellous things to my cock — wrapping her hair round me and rubbing me between her boobs — I've never gone up so quickly again. After a few minutes of that I was mad to have her again. In the general frenzy of the first time I'd only managed about five strokes before exploding. So I started to turn her over so I could climb aboard but she stopped me.

> 'The gardener who had been seeing to her was no toy boy. But rumour was that he'd an exceptionally long tongue'

Quest: Why?
Contractor: She just pushed away from me, stretched out on the bed and opened her legs. Then she gave me this silky smile and glanced down at her exposed pussy and said, 'Why don't you kiss me?'
Quest: She wanted you to perform cunnilingus?
Contractor: I didn't mind clit-licking but to my mind it was what you did when your girlfriend wasn't ready. I assumed she was teasing.
Quest: So what did you do?
Contractor: I jumped on her. Not literally. We just started wrestling — she was pushing my cock away but quite playfully. She was laughing — she kept saying, 'Don't be a spoilsport — just give me a little kiss — ' And then she rolled onto her tummy and I was left fondling this beautiful round arse. So I took hold of her hips, opened her thighs and slipped my cock into her from behind.
Quest: How did she respond?
Contractor: Fine, I thought. She gasped then gave a loud groan and murmured, 'Oh God — ' I started to hump her the best way I knew how — long, deep thrusts so she'd feel me all the way in. I knew I could hold back on my second coming so I was determined to show her what I could do, and bring her off if I could manage. But after a couple of minutes I got the horrible feeling I was there on my own. Somehow she'd just stopped. I slowed down to ask her if she was alright. Before I could ask what was wrong, she turned her head and said 'Have you finished yet? I hate to be rude but my husband's due back at four thirty. Thunk! Instant deflation. I was out the house in ten minutes, very confused. I'd obviously flunked some kind of test. But it was years before I really knew that.
Quest: What exactly?
Contractor: A friend who lived in her area told me. Apparently the husband had beaten up a young gardener — the police had been called. The local pub rumour was that he'd been servicing the wife instead of the herbaceous borders. The crux of the story was that the gardener hadn't been any sort of handsome toy boy, but he'd had an exceptionally long tongue! I wish she'd been a bit clearer about it, but she probably thought she had.
Quest: Isn't that simply a matter of learning to recognise women's needs?
Contractor: Up to a point. But if the needs are just weird you'd have to be a mind reader.
Quest: You have an example?
Contractor: When I was twenty three I went on a singles villa holiday to Greece and I met two sisters, in their later teens, early twenties. One was a slim platinum blonde with a gorgeous face — I'll call her Katy — I fancied her like mad. Her sister was Michelle. She was shorter and plumper, fairly ordinary looking. I wasn't the only one to notice Katy, but she and Michelle were inseparable. I assumed there must be a fiancé or special boyfriend back home — until almost the end of the holiday.
Quest: What happened?
Contractor: The whole villa ended up at a local disco at about three in the morning. I found myself in a foursome with the two girls and another fellow who was obviously after Katy. At first he seemed to be making all the headway. I had the distinct feeling I'd been stuck with Michelle. My rival got into a couple of smoochy dances with Katy and it was obvious he was making a play. But then things brightened up when I saw Katy shaking her head and our friend decided to leave.
Quest: Did *you* make a pass at her?
Contractor: No, because I didn't want to have to say a quick goodbye too. But I did have the feeling something good was happening. We walked back to the villa and — another good sign — Michelle went up to their room, leaving Katy and I to chat in the night air.
Quest: Did you chat?
Contractor: Only until we started snogging which was a major step forward. Then we had a long discussion about adjourning upstairs.
Quest: Was she amenable?
Contractor: There was enough kissing and boob-fondling — even if it was through a summer dress — to encourage me. What I couldn't understand was why she kept on about her sister, how Michelle had been looking forward to such an exciting time on her holiday because she didn't go out with many boys at home, how well Michelle and I seemed to get on tonight — how *grateful* Katy felt to me for looking after her. It was quiet depressing!
Quest: You thought you were being palmed off?
Contractor: Absolutely, especially when she said that Michelle would be waiting and slipped off inside. We'd already arranged to hire a boat and explore some beaches the next day, but I really wasn't that keen any more.
Quest: You didn't fancy Michelle?
Contractor: She had nice hair and her boobs looked good in a bikini, but she wasn't anything next to Katy. Anyway, the next afternoon they still wanted to go, and it was the last day so we took a boat up the coast to a beach you could only reach from the sea. The girls decided to sunbathe, and then things improved.
Quest: Why?
Contractor: Both went topless, which neither

had done on the villa beach. I felt quite privileged. It was an effort not to stare. Katy had neat little apple-sized boobs. But Michelle's were lovely big handfuls, quite firm as well as ample.
Quest: They appealed to you?
Contractor: I found the whole situation appealing — sprawled on a remote beach with two half naked women! But then Katy sprang up and announced she was going to explore a little chapel we could see right at the back of the bay and she insisted I stay. I was beginning to find boobs like hers more than a little disturbing, which is really why I suggested going for a swim.
Quest: Did she agree?
Contractor: Yes, quite happily, but I still had that feeling of being manipulated. We were splashing around and giggling and then she started fumbling underwater and suddenly waved this bright material at me. She'd actually taken her bikini pants off.
Quest: You found that outrageous?
Contractor: From *her*, yes. I'd always thought she was the quiet one. I obviously looked pole-axed because she couldn't stop laughing. She shouted, 'Go on, you too, I dare you!' So I didn't have any choice, and then of course she decided to get out the water.
Quest: Did you go with her?
Contractor: I didn't think I had any choice. We ran back to the towels and flopped onto them. She was still grinning madly, and she wasn't shy about looking straight down at my equipment. I only glanced at the little dark arrow of pubes she had. Then she rolled onto her tummy next to me. There was a couple of minutes awkward silence when she seemed to be looking for something, then she turned and reached across me and her hip nudged mine. And that was it.
Quest: What exactly?
Contractor: We started kissing — a little peck at first — and then we were all over each other. And the thing about a first kiss when you're both naked is that there's no way it'll stop at that. I could feel her nipples sticking up against my chest, my cock was prodding her tummy. It all seemed to happen at once. One minute I was kissing her boobs, the next I was climbing on top and she was pulling me down into her pussy.
Quest: So you had full sex?
Contractor: Oh yes. We were fucking in a couple of minutes. Very fast and furious.
Quest: When did Katy reappear?
Contractor: Ages later. We had our swimming things back on by then, but the minute I saw her face I knew the girls had set the whole thing up.
Quest: A bit of sisterly good work?
Contractor: But that wasn't all. When we got back Katy suddenly kissed me on the cheek, thanked me for being so nice to Michelle and promised she'd make it up to me. About three the next morning I was woken up by someone sliding into my bed. It was Katy and we had a fantastic three or four hours before breakfast.
Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

DANCE INSTRUCTRESS, 26 years old, brunette, town of origin Huddersfield

This interviewee has worked mainly in clubs and cabaret and is now employed by a dance studio. She shares a flat with her boyfriend.

Quest: Do you ever feel a need to test your men friends' feelings for you?
Instructress: I do need a lot of reassurance, yes, though I'm much better than I used to be.
Quest: Do you mean reassurance about affection or attraction?
Instructress: Is there a difference! No, I mustn't be cynical. I'll say affection is now as important as attraction to me. Before, attraction was what seemed most important to me. I always thought I had to be super-sexy, super-outrageous just to keep people's attention. I don't mean I sat down quietly one day, and worked it all out. It was just the way I found myself behaving.
Quest: What did you actually do?
Instructress: I was a dreadful tease. I used to walk around practically naked.
Quest: In public?
Instructress: Sometimes. Mainly at home, though — in flats I shared.
Quest: Mixed flats?
Instructress: Mostly. I don't get on with other women — not living with them.
Quest: So you'd simply throw off your clothes as soon as you got home?
Instructress: Sometimes, yes! Mostly though, it was when I got out the shower, or changed or just got up — I wouldn't bother about dressing gowns. Half of it was laziness. I usually kept my pants on, though, or at least a towel round my waist. I wasn't *that* open.
Quest: What was your flatmates' reaction?
Instructress: Surprisingly tolerant, considering!
Quest: Were you turned on?
Instructress: Oh yes. I'd have denied it utterly at the time, because it was never huge, thundering orgasms. But there was a nice, gentle little tingle about it, especially when boyfriends were there.
Quest: You'd walk around topless if a boyfriend called?
Instructress: Only one who'd seen me undressed already. Nothing like reminding them what they'd get if they were nice!
Quest: Was it effective?
Instructress: Usually! Sometimes before we'd even got out the flat.
Quest: Can you give an example?
Instructress: I got one of my dates to put my bra on me while I was doing my face.
Quest: How were you dressed?
Instructress: Skirt, stockings, knickers — that was all, though I answered the door to him in my dressing gown. He sat on the bed and my bra was lying next to him. I was sitting at the dressing table and I asked him to bring it over and put it on me. I just lifted my arms in the air to make it easy for him.
Quest: Did he do what you wanted?
Instructress: It wasn't as if he'd never seen them before. I'd been to bed with him a couple of nights before. He brought his arms round me, lifted the bra cups up toward my breasts, but at the last moment he brought his thumbs down onto my nipples and he very gently started stroking them.
Quest: Did you object?
Instructress: I told him not to be so rude — he couldn't go around touching girls's boobs just because they happened to be bare — he'd get into all sorts of trouble. But I didn't stop him, mainly because it was pretty obvious what effect he was having by the state of my nipples.
Quest: Did you want to make love?
Instructress: I was feeling fruity, yes, but I was more interested in seeing how far he'd go. We

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weren't exactly private. Two of my flatmates were watching TV in the next room and the door was only pulled to.

Quest: So you were testing him?

Instructress: Not in a planned way — I hadn't thought of the bra idea until it happened.

Quest: Go on.

Instructress: Well, instead of just stroking my nipples he began rolling them very gently between his fingers — which he knew really turned me on from when I slept with him. I just sat there, watching the way my boobs changed shape as his hands went all over them. It reminded me of one of my fantasies.

Quest: Which was?

Instructress: To be groped all over by invisible hands — somewhere public like the bus or a waiting room where you don't dare call out so you just have to sit there and let it happen. I was going to tell him, but then he lifted up my hair, and bent down, and started kissing the nape of my neck. I said, 'I think you'd better stop or I can't answer for the consequences.'

Quest: What did he say?

Instructress: He said he was just giving me a little massage — I must have a dirty mind. So I giggled — and sighed as he went back to my nipples again. I straightened then, and my back moved against the front of his trousers, and what felt like the most enormous bulge. My throat went dry. So I reminded him we weren't exactly alone.

Quest: Were you afraid he'd forgotten?

Instructress: I don't know — I just didn't want to get all worked up then have him pat me on the head, and say it was time to go. So I reached up and stopped him fondling me and said, 'I think we ought to decide what we're going to do.' He just took my hand away and went right on! 'That's easy,' he said. 'I'm going to fuck you.'

Quest: What was your reaction?

Instructress: You mean apart from a wildly thundering heart! I went all shocked and prissy — mainly because I was sure my flatmates had heard every word. I told him I didn't like men using words like that with me, which wasn't entirely true. To my surprise he apologised and let go of me. I thought, My God, I've upset him — I've blown the evening! I said very quickly, 'Why don't you shut the door?' But as I turned to say it, sort of half getting up, I realised he was still behind me and we virtually collided. And suddenly we were kissing — for quite a long time, which didn't help me to calm down. When we came up for air he told me he was crazy about me, which was nice. I laughed and told him he'd have to be a good boy until we had a bit more privacy. He just murmured, 'Why?' and turned me round until I was facing myself in the mirror. Then he began scooping and squeezing my breasts again. I asked him what he was up to. He said, 'You told me not to be crude.' So I laughed again — not quite so confidently — and told him we couldn't, not here. He just kept saying, 'Why?' and as he said it he unzipped my skirt and pulled it down so it dropped over my hips. Then he began unclipping my suspenders, holding me with one arm round my waist.

Quest: Were you nervous?

Instructress: Yes, but not unpleasantly. Flashing my boobs in the flat was one thing — having it off within earshot, and perhaps even letting someone get a glimpse through my door, was something else! On top of that was this weird sensation of watching myself stripping in the

mirror. I could only see myself and my boyfriend's hands properly, so he really was like some phantom lover. I just stood there, my stockings round my ankles, as he peeled my knickers down, the gusset pulling away all saturated from my pussy. Then I realised he'd gone down with them and immediately I felt this light, feathery touch against my leg. He brushed his fingertips up the insides of my legs — and it was like being kissed by butterflies. By the time he reached the cheeks of my bottom I was trembling so much I had to lean forward and support myself against the dresser. But that was only the beginning. He made me bend even further forward so my face was practically against the mirror glass. Then I had to lift my bottom higher and open my legs, and then he licked me — absolutely without any restraint or inhibition. I wouldn't have cared if a whole party of flatmates had walked in. Then, right at the peak of it, when I really couldn't stand it any more — or even just stand! — he whispered, very smoothly, 'What shall we do now?'

Quest: What did you say?

Instructress: I wasn't in a mood for teasing any more. I just hissed at him, 'Don't mess about! Do me — for pity's sake, put it in — *fuck me* !'

Quest: And did he?

Instructress: Oh yes. I don't know when he'd dropped his pants but when I reached back my hand brushed this large thick *thing*. Then he was gripping my thighs — I felt his erection bump between my legs. Then he was just banging me, half sprawled over the dressing table.

Quest: Satisfactorily?

Instructress: I can't pretend it was the most comfortable screw I've ever had, but — my God — I felt every inch of it.

Quest: Did you climax too?

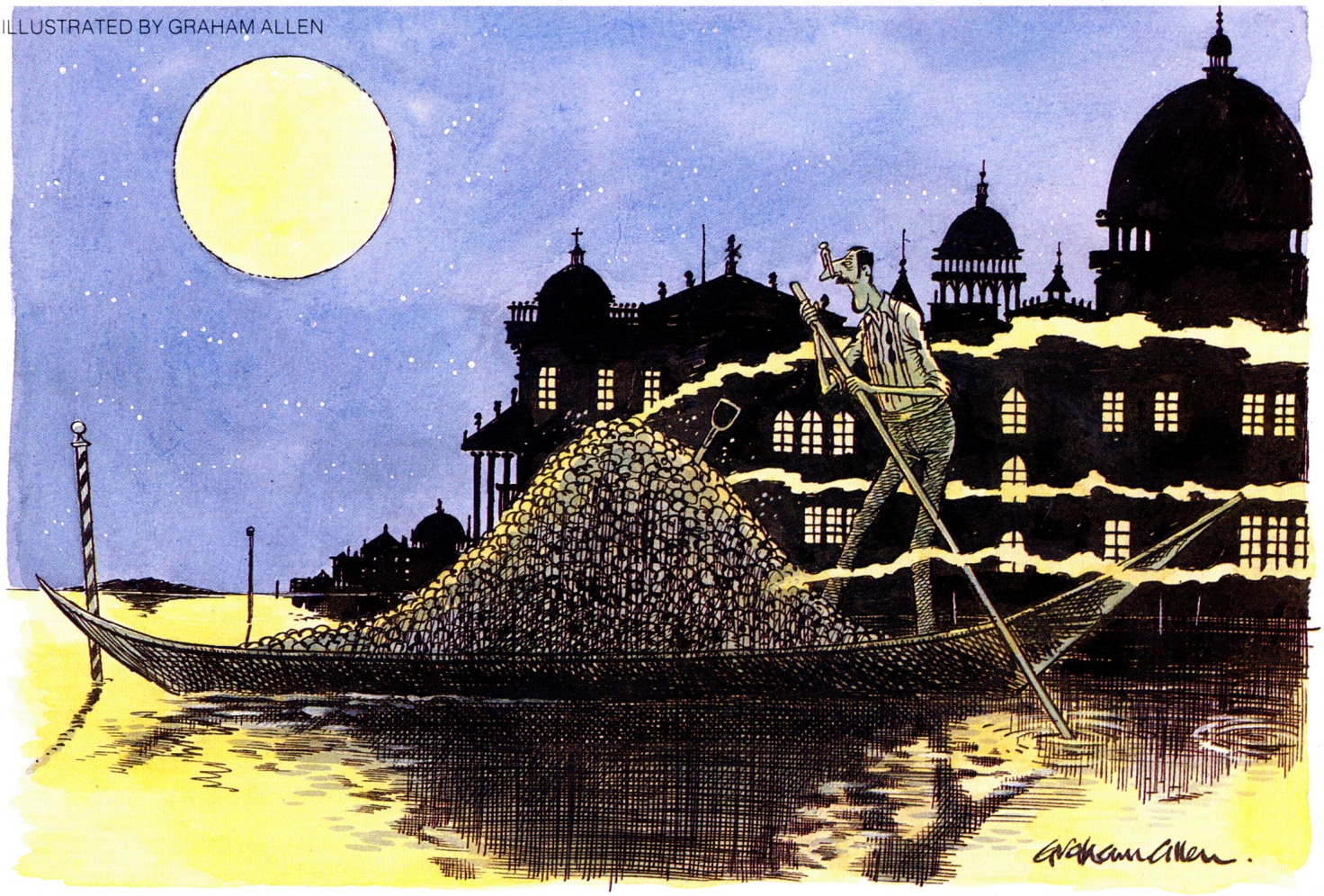
Instructress: I was on such a high I didn't honestly think about it — and I got even higher when I realised he'd spurted. But at that second I opened my eyes and I glimpsed myself in the mirror — and my boyfriend had been right — I looked incredibly sexy, which sounds big-headed, but it was enough. My climax just happened. Afterwards, of course, I felt dreadful because I was sure everyone must have heard us. But when I popped my head out no one was there.

Quest: So you were private after all?

Instructress: Not quite. A couple of days later one of the boys asked if I was seeing my boyfriend again. When I said I was he suggested we went to his place or they'd have to double the flat's budget for tissues. I was *very* embarrassed.

Quest: Thank you.

ILLUSTRATED BY GRAHAM ALLEN



Why did Horace de Vere Cole spend a night of his honeymoon ferrying a gondola full of horse manure down the Venetian canals? Why did Peter Sellers inspect the troops? And why did Alan Abel ask, 'Is there sex after death?' Because they were practical jokers, out to fool the world

Bogus professors, topless cellists, and cows in nappies? Such hoaxes abound when jokers are wild

Humour by F T Newman

Some people dismiss practical jokes as the resort of naughty schoolboys — silly japes that are easy to execute and obvious in their humour. But in many cases, this couldn't be further from the truth. Such pranks have come a long way from the simple banana skin, they are often extremely complex and require meticulous planning, and many of their perpetrators are skilled and brave men.

One such classic joker was Horace de Vere Cole, of whom Norman Ross, who sifted the genuine from the unreliable stories that clung to him, had no hesitation in dubbing 'the most famous joker in Britain.'

Cole took as his targets the pompous and the proud, not because he was a rebel against the social system, but because the most fun was to be had this way. He was, in fact, a member of the upper class, and his politics, in so far as he had any, were high Tory. However he was denied the place in *Who's Who* to which his birth entitled him because he insisted on putting as his recreation 'f-----g' (his spelling). Not something the publishers were keen on.

Cole's talent was for skill and sheer bravado. Who else would have contrived to hoax the Royal Navy in 1910 by visiting the flagship of the Home Fleet, *HMS Dreadnought*, with a group of friends, disguished as the Emperor of Ethiopia and his entourage?

On Cole's honeymoon in Venice with his first wife, in 1919, he slipped away from the nuptial suite to perpetrate a joke on the entire Venetian

populace. The date being March 31, he decided the next morning could not be allowed to pass without some significant episode to mark the occasion. He took a boat out to the periphery of the canal waterway, then went to a nearby riding stable, where he astonished the owner of the establishment by negotiating to buy a quantity of horse manure. During the night he stacked it into a gondola, and returned to the Piazza San Marco. Then with a small shovel he deposited it in little mounds in a line around the square.

Waking on the morning of April 1, the Venetians were astounded by something not seen since their extraordinary city was built: malodorous evidence that a number of horses had mysteriously negotiated the canals and trotted in procession around the Piazza San Marco, before departing across the water in the same inexplicable way they had come. His bride had to hold her tongue for some considerable time before she could relate the episode with any degree of equanimity.

There was another occasion when walking in St James's with a family friend, Tory MP Oliver Locker-Lampson, Cole suddenly said, 'I'll race you to Bond Street.' Locker-Lampson, himself also game for a challenge, agreed. After they had set off Cole allowed Locker-Lampson to get ahead, then shouted out: 'Stop thief! That man's stolen my watch!'

Members of the public gave chase, and caught Locker-Lampson. A policeman was quickly on the scene, and when Cole's watch was found in Locker-Lampson's pocket, he was arrested. It was at this point that Cole explained he had planted the watch, and the whole thing was a joke. The policeman was not amused; he arrested them both.

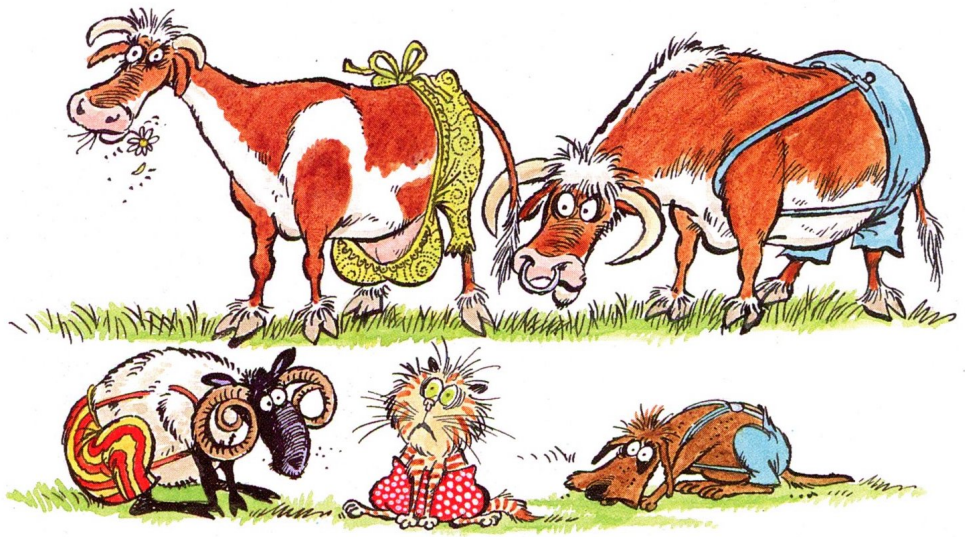
Cole rarely played tricks on women, believing that they had no sense of humour. He quoted approvingly an Irish poet who was a friend of his as saying that he had never known a woman to laugh at one of his jokes, but any man who was not bowled over by them must be a homosexual.

Most compulsive jokers tend to turn an incident on its head, from which angle the ordinary and conventional becomes the hilarious and absurd.

Alan Abel comes from Zanesville, Ohio, and at Ohio State University was popular as a fun fellow with a lot of nerve who would do just about anything. Today he is a professional comedian. He often plays jokes on the public, and makes the whole of America, and sometimes the whole world his stage.

The seed of his first really big hoax was sown one afternoon whilst driving in Texas during a satirical lecture tour. A bull mounted a cow in the middle of the road, and he observed the intriguing gamut of reactions from passersby; a woman rigid with embarrassment, young people giggling, a few laughing, others pretending not to see. The incident inspired him into writing a story about a fictitious Cliff Stout who left a substantial sum to finance a Society for Indecency to Animals, to halt the exposure of the sexual organs of cows, dogs and cats. The story went the rounds of several publications but remained unpublished. It was over a year later, in 1959, when the idea came to him to pass off SINA as a reality rather than fiction.

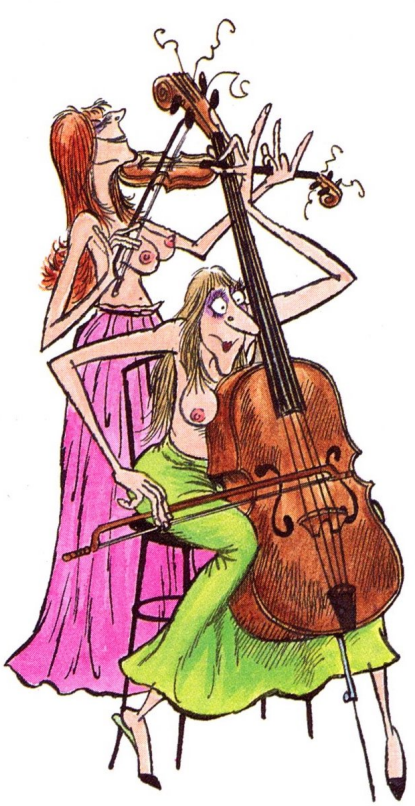
He wrote to the producers of *Today*, a popular television programme, and mentioned his vice-president, Alan Abel; he himself as president being referred to under the name of G Clifford Trout. He offered the role of Trout to an actor, Buck Henry, whom he had found to be a kindred spirit, and the two went along to be interviewed on the air. From that first appearance the word spread. Abel got leaflets printed, and claimed 55,000 SINA members. There followed press and TV interviews. A telephone answering and mail service in New York, housed in a small office, became their headquarters. Interviewers found the walls hung with artwork showing farm animals and household pets with their sexual organs clothed.



'Animals should wear nappies to hide their private parts,' claimed Abel, a great hoaxer . . .

For a photographic session with *Life* Magazine, friends in on the joke brought along their dogs discreetly covered. Abel and Henry were solemn throughout. SINA protested at a *papier mache* 'naked' horse in an airline office window, and received an apology and the horse's removal. The *San Francisco Chronicle*, after an intensive investigation, ran a two-part series on SINA that included a picture of Henry trying to put a pair of pants on a fawn at the zoo.

Newspaper editorials cited SINA as a sure sign that the country was going crazy. They were found out after three happy years. Buck Henry, alias G Clifford Trout, was interviewed by Walter Cronkite on his CBS programme after someone in the organization recognized him.



The Topless String Quartette insisted that nudity improved their expressive powers . . .

In 1967 Abel decided to make something of the contemporary preoccupation with nudity. Topless waitresses had appeared in San Francisco, and topless pictures in *Vogue* and *Hair*. He sent out press releases announcing the arrival from France of a musical ensemble called the Topless String Quartette. It was stated that playing topless gave them improved powers of expression. They would play at private concerts, and make recordings, and hoped nudity would provide a common field of interest between pop and classical music. A report in the *New York Post* was headed 'Bach, Brahms, Bosoms and Beethoven.'

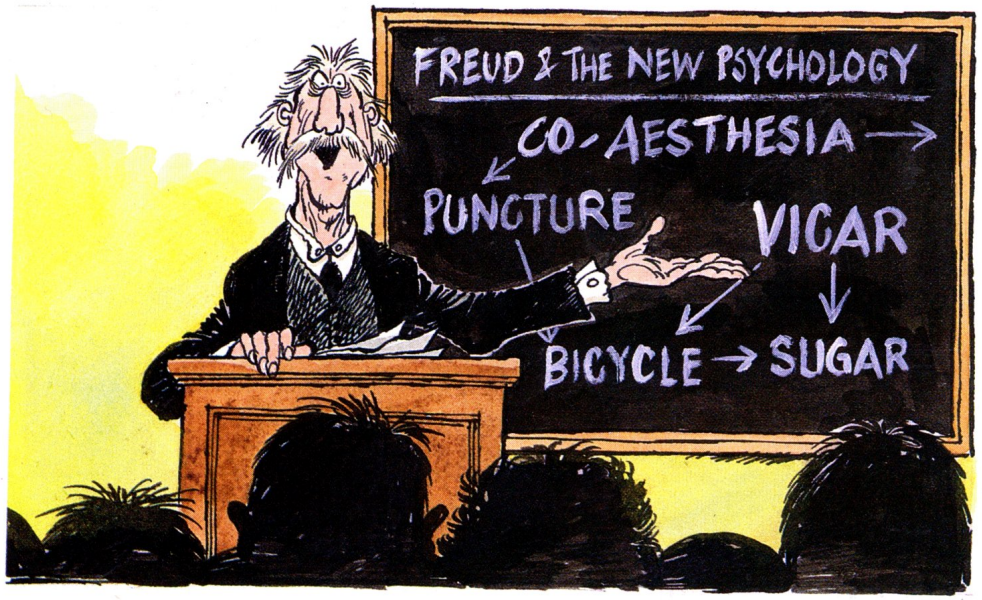
At that time it was sensational but within a few years it was old hat. Nudity was in. All this was purely for fun. Abel became known as a professional hoaxer. 'People will swallow anything at all,' he declared, 'providing you give it them with serious demeanour.' In the swinging '70s, with his wife Jeanne, they made a film entitled, *Is There Sex After Death?* Though not shown on the usual movie circuits it received excellent reviews from the critics.

Another hoax, on line of descent from SINA, was the 1971 Sex Olympics. Calling himself Dr Harrison Rogers, he announced this to the press with interesting details. Teams from several countries would be participating, the panel of judges would include a doctor and a psychologist, the final event was to be screened on close-circuit television. There followed requests for tickets, film rights and interviews.

Dr Rogers — Abel plus a beard — met reporters at the same Fifth Avenue office that had housed SINA, now decorated with male and female nudes. To the question: 'How does anyone train for a contest?' He replied with a twinkle. 'They practise regularly.'

Britain's Sunday newspaper the *News Of The World*, with a circulation of five million, sent a reporter to New York to interview Dr Rogers. Front page it reported: 'The most shocking sporting event ever to be staged is about to be launched on American TV screens, in a contest that defies the bounds of credibility . . .'

Reporters invited to attend one of the heats in New York turned up in numbers. They were



A bogus psychoanalyst claimed that 'co-aesthesia' made a vicar puncture bicycle tyres . . .

introduced to a curvaceous blonde wearing a towel, an actress friend of Abel's. She told them she regarded this as a chance to excel; she was a school teacher, her partner a surgeon. Someone said, 'In track events it's legs that go first. What would you say, er . . ?'

She interrupted him with: 'I don't know. I haven't been competing that long.'

What reporters saw was an excerpt from, *Is There Sex After Death?* which was a spoof 'super-bowl' sex contest. Abel then removed his beard, and revealed that it was all a joke.

There are occasions when the practical joke is virtually a stage-managed performance by an individual or group for the purpose of hoodwinking an audience into regarding the performance as the real thing. Universities are natural breeding grounds for practical jokes, and such a performance was arranged by four Oxford undergraduates in 1922.

At the time there was considerable interest in the new Freudian psychology. The students decided to stage a spoof lecture on the subject. A lecture hall was booked, and invitations sent out to members of college faculties and others, under the name of the Home Counties Psychological Federation. The lecturer was to be a Dr Emil Busch, a German psychoanalyst, a colleague of Sigmund Freud, and his subject was 'Freud and the New Psychology.'

The part of Dr Busch was played by George Edinger, who later became a journalist and author. In compiling his lecture he had the help of an undergraduate, Christopher Hollis, who also became a distinguished author. Edinger employed a sparse disguise — a few touches of greasepaint and a false moustache. He mounted the platform in a packed hall.

Delivering his talk in Teutonic-accented English, he spoke of co-aesthesia, a potent factor in the psyche. He explained that Freud had as yet revealed little of this, but it interacted with levels of consciousness. Citing examples of co-aesthesia from his own clinical practice, he referred to a clergyman who, under the impulse of traumatic shock, took to puncturing bicycle tyres, and eating sugar by the bushel.

The audience savoured it like a vintage wine. Although on his own when it came to question time, he was more than equal to the occasion.

'Would you dissent from Freud in postulating that co-aesthesia is a more vital explanation of the subconscious than sex?' someone asked.

'From Professor Freud I would not dissent,' Edinger replied.'He is my very good friend. But of him I feel sometimes that for the number of trees, the wood he does not see.' The lecture ended amid generous applause.

The four undergraduates involved gave the story to the *Oxford Mail.* They deposited the text of the lecture in the Bodleian Library, where it remains with other documents of Oxford University's history.

Brilliantly inventive as were the exploits of these earlier hoaxers, none so deeply immersed himself in a role as did the late Peter Sellers. Where others simulated the mannerisms and accent of the person impersonated, Sellers absorbed them. When he 'became' the character, fiction doffed its hat to truth.

When during World War Two Sellers reached the military call-up age, he was eventually enlisted as a humble Airman Second Class. After a few months as an armourer's assistant, he was posted as a 'geneal entertainer' to the RAF Gang Show run by Ralph Reader, well-known in Britain for his Scout revues, and then a squadron leader.

Irritated and increasingly embarrassed by his lowly rank, Sellers immediately relieved the tedium by a series of spontaneous yet incredibly cool impersonations. The young flight lieutenant with pale knees, sipping gin and tonic in the officers' mess of a fighter squadron somewhere in India, was in reality 2223033 Airman Second Class Sellers P. For his series of deceptions he was now able to draw on an admirable selection of uniforms from the wardrobe of the RAF Gang Show.

Elated by this escape route from a mundane existence, he was led on one occasion to dress up as a Sikh officer of the Indian Air Force. This expression of his fascination for Eastern characters culminated some seventeen years later in his role as the Indian doctor in *The Millionairesss.*

On another occasion, dressed as a squadron leader at Gütersloh, a former Luftwaffe camp in Germany, he confided to his friend David Lodge that he had decided on a tour of inspection of the airmen's quarters; Lodge, who recently had extricated Sellers from a barrack room brawl, cautioned him that he was going over the top. It was a serious offence to impersonate an officer. Sellers grinned. He parted his hair carefully down the middle, slicking it down in the true Brylcreem Boy fashion, affixed a flamboyant moustache, and greyed his temples with talc. Watching his performance, Lodge was astounded at the gradual transformation in his friend. Recalling the episode he declared Pete was not simply dressing up as an officer, he was actually becoming a squadron leader. 'His stance stiffened; his walk, his eyes, his voice, even his vocabulary changed.'

It was a Sunday. There had been a great deal of flooding in the area, there was a shortage of fresh water, food was of poor standard. The men, fed up and on edge were lying about in their billets in various stages of gloom. When Sellers walked into each hut the reaction was the the same. The men scrambled off their beds, radios were silenced, and card games ceased.

Sellers looked on complacently. 'That's all right, chaps, stand easy. This is an informal visit. I've just called in to let you know that I have arrived with a first rate show, absolutely tophole stuff.'

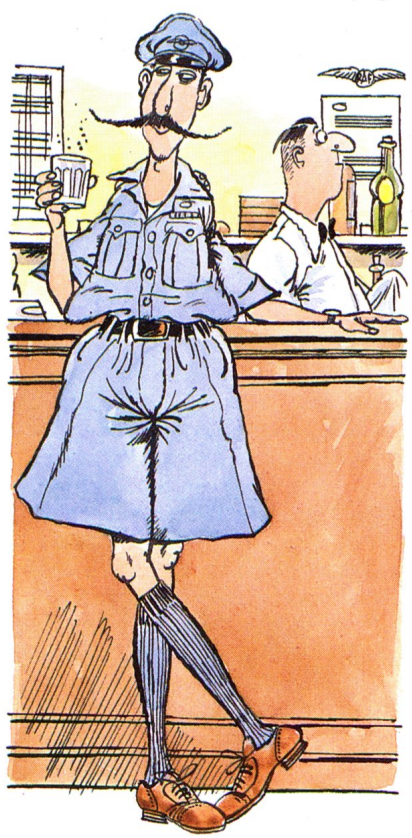
The men would relax, interest quicken. 'I've also been instructed by the Air Ministry in London to enquire into your welfare here. Now then, one at a time, let's have you!'

There followed complaints about late mail, the water shortage, the food, the boredom. Sellers listened, his expression solemn, concerned. He murmured assurances of his personal determination to investigate further, to ensure their welfare would be improved.

David Lodge had difficulty in hiding his concern. He admitted later: 'If those chaps had ever discovered he was a plain, ordinary airman like themselves, an actor contriving a bit of a giggle, they'd have skinned him alive.'

'But I'm doing them a favour,' Sellers claimed,

turn to page 102



Peter Sellers' portrayal of the genial, gin – sipping RAF officer was uncannily accurate . . . .

Hilarious Hoaxes

continued from page 100

rather puzzled by Lodge's concern. 'Only now do they really believe someone cares about them.' An hour later, demoted, detalced and demoustached he was in line in the airmen's mess collecting the same lousy food he had been hearing about all afternoon. 'The extraordinary thing,' Lodge declared, 'was that nobody, just nobody, ever saw through him.'

Years later John Boulting was to say, 'He was the only actor with whom I have worked that I would call without any doubt a genius... I have a horrible feeling that very likely he was incapable of living except in terms of a creation, a role.'

Another evening, after providing some well received entertainment, the show's cast was invited to the sergeants' mess for supper. 'It was a marvellous party, plenty of booze and some winsome WRAF sergeants to leaven the scene,' says Lodge. But his equanimity received a violent jolt when Sellers arrived: the squadron leader's uniform immaculately pressed. In no time at all he was being entertained by the gin-pressing sergeants. It was too obvious, thought Lodge: 'Any idiot with half an eye and a skinful must have known it was the same bloke who was playing the drums in the show not an hour earlier. I just knew I had to get him out of there.'

But before he could make a move Sellers caught sight of him. 'Ah, young Lodge. One of my best chappies. Do come and sit yourself down, there's a good lad.' The jovial hosts dutifully made room for him. 'Just having a jar or two with these good gentlemen, Lodge,' said Sellers, laconically. 'What'll you have, eh?'

Lodge ordered a double Scotch hoping it would help steady his nerves. He was not too shaken to resist a drop of the hard stuff especially now that he was implicated in the hoax. None the less, as Sellers continued to expound, his courage waned. It was all too good, too farcical to go on much longer, as Sellers continued to accept hospitality growing ever more generous, rewarding it with his impressions of comics of vaudeville fame, various high-ranking military leaders, and even the camp commandant.

As glasses were being replenished Lodge managed to mutter shakily: 'You've gone too bleedin' far this time, mate. Sooner we make tracks out of here the better.'

It was not all that far from dawn. His friend's nervous entreaty decided him. 'Well, gentlemen,' he said, coming to his feet unstedily, 'time marches on and all that, we must, alas, away. Good night, and God bless you all!'

The senior warrant officer's closing speech referred to the 'most civilized, intelligent and witty officer,' and thanked him for the honour of his company. The mess gave three cheers.

The early days after the war were a bad time for Sellers. But he did manage to land a six week engagement at the Windmill that did much to strengthen his confidence in tackling the professional arena. Afterwards, the growing proficiency in illicit impersonations was to help him gain BBC work. Asking for an audition on the strength of his Windmill experience it was like stepping under a cold shower.

'Mr Speer's office,' (a top radio producer at the BBC) said the cool, efficient voice of the secretary. Sellers was all too familiar with its tone, polite, impersonal as a glacial stream.

He made the decision in an instant. His tactics changed. 'This is Keneth Horne,' he said, in the unmistakable tankard-ale voice of the well-known radio comic. 'Is Roy there, dear?' he asked confidently.

Ice thawed, the voice sweetened. 'Hold one moment Mr. Horne. I hope you're keeping well. I can put you through now.'

'Roy,' Sellers said, in Horne's voice. 'I saw a marvellous young comic at the Windmill the other night. Name of Peter Sellers. Quite brilliant. I'm sure you could use him.' He added that Richard Murdoch, who also had seen the act, wanted a word. Sellers switched voices and Murdoch's distinctive accent assured Speer of Sellers' talent.

Such testimonies from case-hardened professionals impressed the producer. 'Well, I've got to see him, haven't I?' he said.

'What about this afternoon?' Sellers said in his own voice, tinged now with nervousness as the crunch came.

'Who the hell is that?' yelled Speer, surprised at the strange voice on the line.

'My name is Peter Sellers, actually,' said Sellers, waiting for the reaction with his heart pounding like a road drill.

'You cheeky bastard,' Speer came back after an interval charged with suspense. 'That's probably a criminal offence you've just committed. Get round here before you break any more laws.' Peter Sellers had climbed another rung to fame.

Most practical jokers, however, have no ambitions beyond innocent amusement. If a few pompous people are deflated along the way, then all the better. Yet it does give them some sort of immortality since good hoaxes are always worth the retelling.

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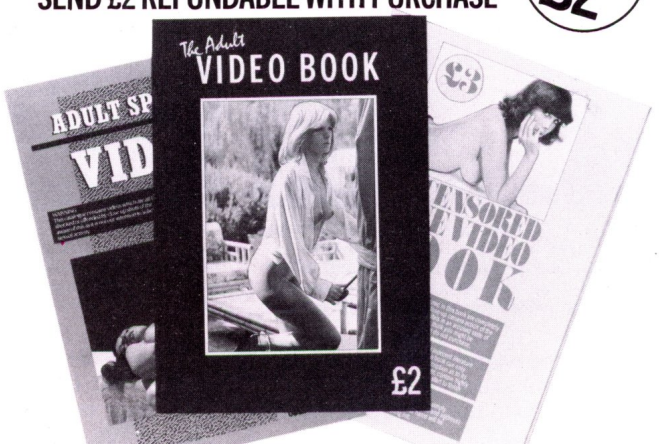

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Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Salesmen from all over the country got together for their annual conference at the *Imperial Hotel* in Torquay. At the company's party to celebrate a record year of sales, one particularly cocky salesman was approached by a rather stern-looking man.

'Excuse me,' he said. 'But aren't you Bertram Biggs?'

'That's me, squire,' replied the over-confident young man. 'Bertie Biggs is the name, selling's the game.'

'I don't doubt it,' continued the stranger severely. 'Tell me, were you in Birmingham two months ago?'

Biggs got out a little red diary, and started leafing through its pages.

'Two months ago? Yes, me old china, as a matter of fact I was.'

'And did you stay at the *Midland Hotel* in New Street?' demanded the mysterious man.

'Now, let me see,' said the ebullient salesman, flicking through more pages. 'It's all down here. Yes. *Midland Hotel*.'

'And did you have room 2315?'

'Hang on.' He scanned the page. 'Yes, I did.'

'Next to a Mrs Baxter?'

'Mrs Baxter?' He turned a page. 'Yes, she was in room 2314.'

'And you slept with her on the Saturday night?'

'Just a second . . .' the salesman perused his book once again. 'Yes, you're right, I did give her a bit of the old in-out.'

The inquisitor looked even more severe.

'Mr Biggs, I am her husband, and I don't like it.'

The salesman consulted the diary again.

'Mrs Baxter, *Midland Hotel*, room 2314 . . . No, neither did I.'

Did you hear about the Irish doctor who thought that ping pong balls were a Chinese venereal disease?

Where do you get virgin wool from?
Feminist sheep.

Bored with the soap opera his wife was watching on television, George started wolfing down handfuls of peanuts from the bowl on the coffee table. When even that proved dull, he started flicking the nuts into the air and catching them in his mouth. All went well until, attempting a difficult bounce shot off the table lamp, he got a peanut wedged in his ear.

He tried to pick it out, but it only slid in deeper, until he was forced to interrupt his wife's viewing.

'Oh George,' she said irritably. 'Go and see our Sandra, she's upstairs with her new boyfriend. He's studying medicine at university. He might be able to help.'

So George went upstairs, and explained his predicament to his daughter's boyfriend. The young man had looked rather sheepish as George burst in, but when he heard the problem, he said that he could deal with it in no time.

'I'll put two of my fingers up your nose, and then when I say "blow", you blow hard,' he said. 'Now, blow.'

George blew hard, and sure enough the peanut flew from his ear at some speed. Relieved, George thanked him, and went back downstairs.

'Well, did Sandra's boyfriend help, dear?' asked his wife distractedly.

'Yes he did,' said George.

'I thought so,' continued his wife, her eyes never leaving the TV screen. 'He's a very clever man. What do you think he'll be when he leaves university?'

'Well,' said George thoughtfully. 'Judging by the smell of his fingers, our son-in-law.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

Great Quotes of Our Time.

Mae West, it should be remembered, not only appeared in dozens of films but wrote the scripts for them as well. Further proof of her undoubted wit comes from this exchange.

'Say how tall are you?' she asked of a huge actor in the film, *Myra Breckenridge*.

'Six foot seven and a half inches,' replied the actor proudly.

Miss West looked impressed.

'You can forget the six foot, honey,' she replied. 'Let's concentrate on the seven and a half inches.'

The Writing on the Wall:

Most chauvinist graffiti, spotted in a gentlemen-only club:-

'A wife is an attachment you screw on the bed to get the housework done.'

Three men were boasting about the size of their members, and decided to see whose was the biggest by dangling them from the window of their London flat.

The first proudly announced that his hung down as far as the floor below. The second claimed that his went even further. But the third couldn't keep still. As he dangled his penis, he kept jumping from side to side.

'What are you doing?' asked one of the others. 'Avoiding the traffic.' he replied.

What are the five biggest lies?

1) 'The cheque is in the post.'
2) 'Hello, I'm from the Council, and I'm here to help you.'
3) 'Some of my best friends are gay.'
4) 'Big is beautiful.'
5) 'I won't come in your mouth.'

Said our printer (who is a great wit),
'There are certain rude words we omit.
It would b****r our art
To print the word f**t,
And we'd never, just never say sh*t!'
(Who says? — Editor)

CARRIE

A pane-ful time when Carrie falls for a lecherous customer

SPLASH!
STEVE KINGSTON